National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XIV. NO. 20. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1853. WHOLE NO. 696.

Published weekly, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, TWO DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street.

Pro-Slavery.

SECOND LETTER TO DR. GARVIN, OF GEORGIA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1853.

DR. J. P. GARVIN—*Dear Sir:* In my letter of the 31st ult. I intimated that I might in a few days write you more fully on the subject to which it related. My objects were, first, to show, by what I have said on former occasions, that I was not in that letter expressing any new views on the points referred to; and, second, to sustain, by references to the past, the representations of political friends in your State. I should have written you at an earlier day but for my inability to procure some of the materials required.

I. ABOLITIONISM.

The first great movement of the Abolitionists in this State was made in 1835. To counteract them a meeting was called, in September of that year, at Albany, without distinction of party. Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, then Governor of the State, presided, and I, then Secretary of State, addressed the meeting, and offered the resolutions, all of which, with a single exception, were drawn by myself. Among them were the following:

Resolved, That, under the Constitution of the United States, the relation of master and slave is a matter belonging exclusively to the people of each State within its own boundaries; that the general government has no control over it; that it is subject only to the respective arrangements of the several States within which it exists; and that any attempt by the people or government of any other State, or of the general goverment, to interfere with or disturb it, would violate the spirit of the compromise which lies at the basis of the federal compact.

Resolved, That the Union of the States, which, under Providence, has conferred the richest blessings on the people, was the result of compromise and conciliation; that we can only hope to maintain it by abstaining from all interference with the laws, domestic policy, and peculiar interests of every other State; and that all such interference, which tends to alienate one portion of our countrymen from the rest, deserves to be frowned upon with indignation by all who cherish the principles of our revolutionary fathers and who desire to preserve the constitution by the exercise of that spirit of amity which animated its framers

Resolved, That we deprecate, as sincerely as any portion of our fellow citizens, the conduct of individuals who are attempting to coerce our brethern in other States into the abolition of Slavery by appeals to the fears of the master and the passions of the slave; that we cannot but consider them as disturbers of the public peace, and that we will, by all constitutional and lawful means, exert our influence to arrest the progress of measures tending to loosen the bonds of union and to create between us and our Southern brethern feelings of alienation and distrust, from which the most fatal consequences are to be apprehended.

Resolved, That while we impute no criminal design to the greater part of those who have united themselves to Abolition Societies, we feel it our duty to conjure them, as brethren of the same great political family, to abandon the association into which they have entered, and to prove the purity of their motives by discontinuing a course of conduct which they cannot now but see must lead to disorders and crimes of the darkest dye.

Resolved, That while we would maintain inviolate the liberty of speech and the freedom of the press, we consider discussions which, from their nature, tend to inflame the public mind and put in jeopardy the lives and property of our fellow citizens, at war with every rule of moral duty and every suggestion of humanity; and we shall be constrained, moreover, to regard those who, with full knewledge of their pernicious tendency, continue to carry them on, as disloyal to the Union, the integrity of which can only be maintained by a a forbearance on the part of all from every species of intrusion into the domestic concerns of others

Resolved, That the inevitable consequence of the unconstitutional and incendiary proceedings in relation to Slavery in the South must be to aggravate the condition of the blacks by exciting distrust and alarm among the white population, who, for their own protection and security, will be compelled to multiply restraints upon their slaves and thus increase the rigours of Slavery.

Resolved, That the people of the South will do us great injustice if they allow themselves to believe that the few among us who are interfering with the question of Slavery are acting in accordance with the sentiment of the North on this subject, and we do not hesitate to assure them that the great body of the Northern people entertain opinions similar to those expressed in these resolutions.

Finally, Resolved, That we make these declarations to our Southern brethern in the same spirit of amity which bound together their fathers and ours during a long and eventful struggle for independence; and that we do, in full rememberance of that common association, plight to them our faith to maintain in practice, so far as lies in our power, what we have thus solemnly declared.

These resolutions, which I offered as chairman of a committee appointed on my motion, were enforced by a speech from myself, sustaining the several positions assumed in them as a matter of obligation, and duty arising under the political compact between the States. My sentiments are unchanged; and I have no hesitation in saying that nothing inconsistent with them will be found in anything I have said since that time.

II. FREESOILISM.

In August, 1846, when President Polk asked of Congress two millions of dollars (afterwards increased to three millions), with a view to terminate the war with Mexico, a proviso was proposed by Mr. Wilmot, of Penn., and adopted by the House of Representatives, prohibiting the introduction of Slavery into any territory which might be acquired. It was sent to the Senate on the last day of the session, but was not acted on. In 1847 it was renewed; and, in the meantime, a large number of the non-slaveholding States had passed resolutions instructing their senators and requesting their representatives in Congress to sustain it. New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania, in the order in which they are named, preceded New York in their action on this subject. The ground taken in Congress and in most of the States was, that as Slavery has been abolished in Mexico, it ought not to be revived or allowed to be introduced into any territory she might cede to us as long as the latter continued in the territorial condition. The right of a State, on coming into the Union, to establish or legalize Slavery as a local institution was generally conceded. I have always considered it above all control or interference by the federal government; and on the 1st of March, 1847, in my first speech in the Senate on this subject, I made the following propositions, with a view to the settlement of the whole question:

1. All external interference with Slavery in the States is a violation of the compromises of the constitution, and dangerous to the harmony and perpetuity of the federal Union

2. If territory is acquired by the United States, it should, in respect to Slavery, be left as it is found. If Slavery exists therein at the time of the acquisition, it should not be the subject of legislation by Congress. On the other hand, if Slavery does not exist therein at the time of the acquisition, its introduction ought to be prohibited while the territory continues to be governed as such.

3. All legislation by Congress in respect to Slavery in the territory belonging to the United States ceases to be operative when the inhabitants are permitted to form a State government; and the admission of a State into the Union comes with it—by virtue of the sovereignty such admission confers—the right to dispose of the whole question of Slavery without external interference.

These propositions I considered in substantial accordance with the resolutions of the Legislature of the State I represented, and they were in conformity to my own opinions.

It did not, of course, escape my notice, at the time I made these propositions, which were reiterated in 1848 in the words in which they are above given (and I think I so stated to some of my associates in the Senate), that their adoption as a final adjustment of the dispute would bring Cuba into the Union, when the proper time should arrive, as a territory first and a State afterwards, without any question as to the existence of Slavery in that island.

This, then, was the position of fourteen of the thirty States in 1848: that if any territory was acquired from Mexico (Slavery having been abolished), it should continue free from Slavery as long as it was governed as a territory, leaving to the people, when they should organize a State, to decide for themselves what their condition in this respect should be. This position I sustained from 1847 to 1849. My convictions of its justice were, I trust, as sincere as the opinions of those with whom I differed. I have never attempted any explanation of my action on this question otherwise than as my recorded speeches in the Senate explain it; and I am sure that nothing will be found in them which can be justly considered offensive by those who disagreed with me. To the people of the State of New York, whose instructions, given through the Legislature, I obeyed and defended, I have always been ready to account.

Some of the State Legislatures in 1848 went further, and passed resolutions against the admission of any future slaveholding State into the Union. I never assented to such a proposition. On the contrary, I believed it to be irreconcilable to our obligations to others—certainly to Texas—and it was inconsistent with my own views of State sovereignty.

The long pending controversy was settled after my term of service in the Senate expired—first, by the admission of California into the Union, with a constitution formed by herself prohibiting Slavery; and, second, by the organization of territorial governments for New Mexico and Utah without such a prohibition. These acts were regarded, and generally acquiesced in, as a settlement of the whole question. This was my view of the subject, and I have so treated it on all occasions.

III. FUGITIVE SLAVES.

I have always ackowledged the right of the slaveholding States to demand the surrender of fugitive slaves under that provision of the constitution which requires the surrender of persons held to service or labour, the right of Congress to legislate on the subject, and the obligation to pass an effective law.

In a debate in the Senate of the United States, on the 26th of July, 1848, I made the following remarks:

The Northern States have been repeatedly charged in this debate, and on many previous occasions, with aggression, and violations of the constitutional compact, in their action on the subject of Slavery. With regard to the surrender of fugitive slaves—the case most frequently cited—it is possible that there may have been some action or inaction in particular States, not in strict accordance with the good faith they ought to observe in this respect. I know not how it is, but we know there is an effective power to legislate on this subject in Congress; and I am sure there will be no want of co-operation on our part in carrying out the requirements of the Constitution by providing all reasonable means for executing them.

Since the law of 1851 passed, I have uniformly declared myself in favour of carrying it into execution like every other law of the land. My views with regard to this, and all other obligations of a kindred character, are clearly expressed in the following extract from an address delivered at Boston, in November, 1852, repeated on several occasions in New England and in this State, and published in this city in January last:

And, first, let it be distinctly understood that the law must be inflexibly maintained. I use the term law in its largest sense, not only as including what has been specifically decreed, but as comprehending the general order, on the preservation of which the tranquillity of all public authority depends. The law is the will of the people constitutionally expressed. Whoever arrays himself against it, excepting to procure its repeal in the mode prescribed by the fundamental compact, commits an act of treachery to the people themselves. The law is the basis of all popular supremacy. It is the very feature by which free government is distinguished from despotism. To uphold it is one of the highest duties which is devolved on us as freemen. It is always possible that those who are intrusted with its execution may err in the performance of their duty. They may employ unnecessary, arbitrary, or even wanton severity in enforcing it. For all this they may be held to a rigid account. But no error in the execution can impair the obligation to uphold it. It must be understood, and without reservation, that the law is to be inflexibly maintained.

IV. THE HIGHER LAW.

In July, 1850, shortly after the promulgation of Gov. Seward's higher law doctrine, I referred to it in an address to the democracy of Herkimer county, in this State, published immediately after it was delivered, in the following terms:

In the maintenance of principles which we believe to be vital to our honour and prosperity, let us not forget that we have duties to perform in a two-fold relation to ourselves and others—to our sister States as members of a common Union, which we are pledged to maintain under all its constitutional forms, and to our democratic brethren in this State, with whom we have been associated in numberless coatests and trials. Our first duty is fidelity to the Constitution. If we fail in the observance of any one of its requirements, how can we call on the people of other States to be faithful to it? If, as has been said, there is a Power above the Constitution, His will, so far as it has been revealed to us, inculcates obedience to the government under which we live while it is administered in accordance with the fundamental compact, submission to the laws, fidelity to duties arising under the Constitution, and a spirit of justice to our political associates. I am in favour, then, of conforming to all its requirements, and of carrying them out fully and in good faith, no matter what they may be. No one of our obligations under the Constitution can be less imperative than another. Disobedience to one is infidelity to all.

I believe I have, in the foregoing remarks and extracts from speeches heretofore delivered, covered all the ground of imputation against me, including the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention of 1852, which contained nothing of importance not asserted in previous conventions except an endorsement of the compromise measures as a settlement of the Slavery question and a deprecation of all future agitation of it here or elsewhere. In those proceedings I expressed, at the first meeting held in this city to ratify them, my cordial concurrence, and I was, during the greater part of the late canvass for the Presidency, in the field in this and other States.

It is with great regret that I have, for the first time in my life, felt constrained to vindicate myself from the imputation of sentiments I have never entertained or uttered. I had heard, previously to the receipt of your favour, that I was assailed by Whig speakers in the South as an Abolitionist, and I was willing to leave my vindication to time and events, as the best correctors of all such misrepresentation and error. But when told by you that they were used as instruments of assault upon the President and the democracy of Georgia, I felt that no personal consideration should induce me to remain silent. In connection with this subject, I deem it due to myself to say, that before my letter to you of the 31st ultimo was written, I had expressed to the President a desire to be relieved, as soon as the public convenience would permit, from the office I now hold—an office which nothing but the hope of being useful to the democratic cause in the State would have induced me to accept—and that I am not, and have never been, by any act of my own, a candidate for any other.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully, yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

SLAVERY AND THE OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—On the subject of *Slavery* the Presbyterian Church early took her ground. The advocate of universal freedom, and regarding Slavery as an evil of great magnitude, she has thrown her influence in favour of emancipation, where it could be effected so as to promote the well-being of those enslaved, and always in favour of the moral and religious elevation of slaves. Yet she has never so outraged the Bible and common sense as to denounce slaveholding as, under all circumstances, sinful. As early as 1798 the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, before the General Assembly was organized, stated the principles upon which our Church has stood to this day. In 1818, the General Assembly, expressing strongly its sense of the evils of Slavery, gave a warm recommendation to the American Colonization Society, then in its infancy, expressing the hope that much good would be done from its plans and efforts—especially as it had its origin amongst the holders of slaves. From that day to this, the Presbyterian Church has been one of the most liberal supporters of this truly noble Society. Even when it was most unpopular, Presbyterians never abandoned it. The glorious results begin now to appear.

In 1845, when fanatical Abolitionism was dividing churches, and causing the wisest men to tremble for the Union, our General Assembly boldly took its stand, refusing to make the mere fact of slaveholding a ground of exclusion from the church. This rebuke of Abolitionism by the most influential ecclesiastical body in our country produced a most powerful impression. In our own church there has been peace; and Abolitionism has rapidly lost its force over the whole country.

When, very recently, the agitation about the *Compromise measures* again threatened the dissolution of the Union, the pulpits of our Church, in the slaveholding and in the free States, were heard in entire harmony, sustaining the laws of the land. I am sure I can say truly, that the Presbyterian Church is at this day, more than any other church, *the strong bond which holds together these United States.* The Methodist Church, most unhappily, divided on the question of Slavery. The Baptist churches split on the same rock. The New School Presbyterian Church is now threatened with division. Our own church is the only ecclesiastical body possessing great strength in both the free and slaveholding States, which is entirely united."—*Rev. N. L. Rice, D. D.*

Selections.

THE DIVISION IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF NEW YORK.

PLAIN men out of our State often profess to be puzzled by the Politics of New York, with their zigzag, wavering party lines and their uncouth designations. "What's the trouble *now?*" is a very general inquiry at present, in view of the fact that the recent Democratic State Convention at Syracuse split into two and nominated two distinct tickets, while passing Resolves almost identical in terms and purport. All are aware that this split is the outgrowth of a feud of several years' duration, patched up and plastered over from time to time, but never thoroughly healed and perpetually threatening to break out afresh. We propose, for the benefit of our younger or politically less observant readers, to give as clear an account as we can of its causes and origin.

In the year 1844, the intrigues of John Tyler & Co. had brought before the Senate for Ratification a Treaty providing for the Annexation of Texas to the United States. The country was considerably agitated thereby, the predominant feeling in the South and South-West being favourable, while in the North and East it was unfavourable, to such Annexation. Mr. Van Buren was a candidate for re-nomination to the Presidency by the Democratic National Convention soon to assemble at Baltimore—and, being required to define his position with regard to Texas, came out decidedly against Annexation without the prior assent of Mexico as an act of bad faith, aggression and hostility. The delegation to Baltimore from this State had already been chosen, and instructed to support the ex-President's renomination; but there were a good many among us who, even prior to and apart from the Texas question, were averse to having him again renominated. In this crisis, a great Anti-Texas meeting was held in our City, wherein the leading friends of Mr. Van Buren were active and conspicuous. Silas Wright, who was regarded as the devoted friend of Van Buren, was decided and effective in procuring the rejection of Tyler's Annexation Treaty by the Senate. In view of these facts, when the Baltimore Convention met, many pro-Texas Delegates who had been instructed to vote for Mr. Van Buren, went decidedly against him, and, though he had a majority of votes cast on the first ballot, his nomination was prevented by the "two-thirds rule" just before adopted; his vote steadily fell off on the succeeding ballots, until at last Col. James K. Polk, of Tennessee—an avowed, unequivocal champion of Annexation—was nominated for President, and a resolution passed recognising "the re-annexation of Texas" as one of the leading aims of American Democracy.

The friends of Mr. Van Buren, though beaten at Baltimore, were still dominant in our State. They could easily have defeated Polk had they seen fit. But, after some deliberation, a manifesto appeared bearing the signatures of Benj. F. Butler, John W. Edmonds and other magnates in the Van Buren household, advising their followers to support Polk for President, but take care at the same time to elect Members of Congress who would oppose Annexation upon any conditions akin to those assented to by Tyler. This manifesto caused much feeling in the anti-Van Buren wing of the party (which had grown rapidly in this quarter since Van's defeat at Baltimore), and was more decidedly resented at the South. Still, so strong was the aversion of many of our Van Buren Democrats to Annexation that this State was barely carried against Clay, and Polk thus elected, by putting Silas Wright on the Democratic ticket as a candidate for Governor, and thus securing the cooperation of the sore-headed members of the party. Mr. Wright made several strong speeches during the canvass, proclaiming his hostility to Annexation under any circumstances which did not secure a fair share of its territory to Free Labour; and a great Mass Convention of the Van Buren Democracy was held at Herkimer late in the Autumn, which undertook to pledge the party to resist Annexation, except on conditions which should secure to the free States an equal participation with the slaveholding in the territories thus acquired. Under these pledges, the State was carried for Polk by 5,000 and for Wright by 10,000 majority.

Col. Polk was elected and Texas annexed; Wright being thus taken out of the Senate, and his place and Tallmadge's (who had also resigned) filled by Gov. Bouck with H. A. Foster and D. S. Dickinson, both belonging to the anti-Van Buren and pro-Texas wing of the party. No conditions in favour of Free Soil were insisted on by them, and none were imposed. By the influence and power of Col. Polk, though before he had been inaugurated, Texas was put through and opposition in the party silenced. Then (1846) followed the war with Mexico, and the attempt (1847) to grant the President $3,000,000 wherewith to negotiate a peace, which was defeated by the Proviso appended in the House on motion of Mr. Wilmot, of Pa., importing that all territory to be acquired from Mexico by the contemplated Treaty must be and remain FREE territory. Nearly or quite all the Members from this State voted for this Proviso.

The meeting of the Democratic State Convention the ensuing Fall (Oct. 2, '47) was the occasion of an animated contest. Several questions were commingled in the struggle, but the main issue was the predominance or decadence of the Van Buren dynasty. There were several contested seats, and two or three days were spent in settling them, but the anti-Van Buren or *Hunker* wing gained the ascendancy, put Robert. H. Morris in the chair, and nominated a full Hunker ticket. They refused to take any action respecting Slavery, and laid on the table the following Resolve, submitted by Dr. Dudley Field, of this city, and sustained by the Van Buren minority—viz:

Resolved, That while the Democracy of New York, represented in this Convention, will faithfully adhere to all the compromises of the Constitution, and maintain all the reserved rights of the States, they declare, since the crisis has arrived when that question must be met, their uncompromising hostility to the extension of Slavery into territory now free, by any action of the Government of the United States.

Upon the virtual rejection of this Resolve by the Hunker majority of the State Convention, the Van Buren or Barburner minority withdrew in a body, leaving the Hunkers to finish up their business and adjourn at leisure. The minority refused to be governed by the action of the Convention, and called another of their own, which met at Herkimer, on the 26th of October—a few days before the Fall Election. Churchhill C. Cambreleng presided; David Wilmot made a speech; and John Van Buren, David D. Field, John Cochran, Ben. Welsh, Jr., J. W. Nye, Geo. Rathbun, James H. Titus Sherrill, John P. Beekman, James H. Titus and nearly all the other Barnburner (now Soft) leaders were members. This Convention passed unanimously the Free Soil Resolve rejected by the Hunkers at Syracuse, declaring it "an inseparable element of the creed of the New York Democracy," pledged the party to vote for *no* candidate not standing on that platform [as it was notorious that the Democratic State Ticket then in nomination did not] and added the following excellent propositions:

"Resolved, That we believe in the dignity and the rights of Free Labour; that Free White Labour cannot thrive upon the same soil with Slave Labour; and that it would be neither right nor wise to devote new territories to the Slave Labour of a part of the States, to the exclusion of the Free Labour of all the States.

"Resolved, That while we do not complain of the inequality representation between the citizens of the Free and of the Slaveholding States, by reason of which the citizen of the Slaveholding South who has five slaves has a representation equivalent to four votes, while the citizen of the Free North has but one, because such was the original compact of Union; yet the freemen of New York will not consent to such an unequal division of their power with conquered provinces.

"Resolved, That all experience has proved the wisdom of that provision of the ordinance originally moved by Thomas Jefferson and adopted by the Congress of the Confederation in 1787, which prohibited Slavery in the territory north-west of the Ohio; and that the Congress of the United States, being clothed by the Constitution with power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States, it becomes the duty of that branch of the Government to adhere to the policy of the fathers of the republic, and thus insure to all new territories the progress in arts, improvements, and enterprise which has distinguished the North-Western States," &c., &c.

In the Address accompanying these Resolves—reported by John Van Buren and unanimously adopted—the Democratic Ticket nominated by the Hunker majority at Syracuse was repudiated in the following terms:

"Disavowing the action of the Syracuse Convention, we have yet declined, at this late day, to present candidates for your support at the important election now just at hand. There is not time to do so with a hope of success. We leave the Democracy of the State to *vote as they must do when no regular nominations have been made.*"—[See *Evn. Post*, Oct. 28, 1847.]

The broad hint thus given was fully and heartily responded to. The Barnburners either voted the Whig ticket or did not vote at all; and the Whig State officers were elected throughout by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority, throwing the Canals into Whig hands, while three-fourths of the Senate and two-thirds of the Assembly elect were also complete. No such clear majority was ever obtained by the Whig party of this State in any other election.

The split thus made was still widened the next spring, when Delegates were chosen to represent this State in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore. The State Central Committee appointed by the Hunker majority at Syracuse issued a call for the election of Delegates by Districts, which was obeyed by their disciples. The Barnburners repudiated this call as unauthorized and invalid, and held, under the auspices of their own State Committee, a State Convention at Utica, Feb. 16, 1848, expressly to appoint Delegates to Baltimore. John Van Buren, George Rathbun, Henry S. Randall, John Tracy, Wilson G. Hunt, &c., appeared here as Delegates. Preston King, Wm. C. Crain, Martin Grover (now up for Attorney-General) and William C. Dryer (now candidate for State Prison Inspector), were appointed Delegates to Baltimore. George Rathbun made a speech, wherein he avowed his decided preference of Zachary Taylor to Lewis Cass for next President, which (says the *Evening Post*) was received with applause. D. D. Field's Wilmot resolution, rejected by the Hunkers at Syracuse, was unanimously passed; and, in view of President Polk's last Message, recommending Territorial Governments for New Mexico and California, it was

Resolved, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress be requested to use their best efforts to insert into any act or ordinance, establishing any and all such provisional or territorial government or governments, a fundamental article or provision which shall provide, declare and guarantee that Slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been first duly convicted, shall be prohibited therein, so long as the same shall remain a territory.

The two delegations, thus chosen under antagonist organizations, went to Baltimore, where every effort made to harmonize them proved abortive. The Convention offered to admit both, which the Burners would not agree to. They would be recognised as the sole representatives of the New York Democracy, or they would bolt. They were not so recognised; Gen. Cass was nominated; and they bolted. They came home and held a State Convention, wherein Cass was rejected and Van Buren nominated against him. And they went into the canvass with a determined purpose to beat Cass and the Hunkers any how—which they did.

On the 18th July, 1848, the Barnburners of this city held a great meeting in the Park. On motion of Benjamin F. Butler, Stephen Allen was called to the Chair. Robert B. Boyd nominated a long list of Vice-Presidents, among them *Isaiah Rynders* (who now figures as an original Hunker—a genuine Hard, but not Hard enough for the Hards of our day), and *Robert Kelly* (now Soft candidate for Controller, and also represented as a Cass man by those who know better), with several others, who now pretend to have been Hunkers all through. Encouraging letters were read from John A. Dix, Preston King, Marcus Morton, John Tracy, &c. John Cochran (now Surveyor of this port) presented the Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, among them the following:

Resolved, That we are uncompromisingly opposed to any "compromise" which, instead of confining Slavery within narrower limits, shall restrict the bounds of Freedom; that the Congress of the United States has no power, under the Constitution, to abolish Freedom in any part of the Public Domain for the purpose of planting Slavery therein; and that such an enactment by the present Congress, elected for no such purposes, would be an act of usurpation and a breach of duty too gross to be forgiven, and too shameful to be submitted to, by a Free People.

Resolved, That the lash has resounded through the halls of the Capitol, and we are, therefore, prepared for the vote on which Northern Senators shall unite with their "Southern brethren" in consigning an empire of Free Territory to the dominion of the slaveholders; that revolting as must be the ceremony which introduces, by the baptism of a "compromise," 250,000 square miles of our newly acquired possessions into the communion of Slavery, there needed to perfect its harmony but the presence among the sponsors of a Dickinson and a Bright, of whom, if the latter, in his recusancy to Indiana, is recommended to her compassion by the necessities which constrain the possession of slaves, the former, by "almost wishing to be born in Virginia," inspires in the breasts of the millions whom he misrepresents and dishonours a proportionate desire for his translation to some more congenial clime. [Laughter and cheers.]

Resolved, That we denounce, in advance, all projected Compromises or surrenders of the vital principle of freedom, regardless of their origin, their object, or their extent; that, in the anticipated defection of the Senate, we place our reliance on the other branch of Congress; but should the hope of favour, the fear of punishment, or the schemes of political ambition, accomplish the enactment of a law for the extension of Slavery over a single square mile of Territory now Free, we hereby pledge ourselves immediately to enter on the task of its repeal, and unceasingly to labour for the accomplishment of this object. [Loud and enthusiastic hurrahs, says the *Evening Post.*]

On the 13th of September, 1848, the Barnburner or Free Soil Democracy of our State met again in Convention at Utica (having meantime fraternized with the Abolitionists proper at Buffalo), passed the strongest sort of Free Soil and Anti-Slavery Resolves, and agreed to run Van Buren for President, with Charles Francis Adams (son of J. Q. Adams, and a recent seceder from the Whig party) for Vice President. Enoch B. Talcott, of Oswego (now, we believe, the Collector of that port), called to order and was chosen President *pro tem.* Simeon B. Jewett, George H. Parser, Samuel J. Tilden, John Cochran, William A. Walker, Henry B. Stanton, James F. Sherrill and William C. Dryer were among the Delegates. John A. Dix was nominated for Governor, on the second ballot; whereupon John Cochran (the same John recently heard from at Syracuse) arose and prefaced by an eloquent Free Soil speech his motion that Seth M. Gates (a whole-hog Abolitionist, who had left the Whig party as pro-Slavery some years before) be the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, which was carried by acclamation, and with thunders of enthusiasm.

Mr. Cochran being this time Chairman of the Committeee on Organization, could not well boss the Resolution business; so this duty was devolved on our friend Samuel J. Tilden, who ground out some excellent sentiments, which were rapturously received—among others, the following:

Resolved, That Useful Labour—being essential, not merely to the subsistence, health and comfort of man, but also to his highest happiness, his moral and intellectual elevation—should, at all times and in all places, be esteemed respectable and honourable. One of the great evils of Slavery is the false degradation of labour, whereby, in Slave countries, the free labourer is in effect excluded from all those branches of industry usually carried on by slaves. Thus the accumulation of national wealth and the progress of civilization are greatly retarded for the want of that energy, intelligence and inventive skill which result from the competition of freemen.

Resolved, That by permitting Labour to be degraded by the introduction and spread of Slavery throughout the extensive territories of New Mexico and California, we should perpetrate an act of gross injustice against all the free labourers of our own country, and of overpopulated Europe, in this and succeeding generations, who may desire to seek for themselves and their families homes in those regions.

On these issues—in our judgment well taken and well contended for—the Barnburner Democracy of our State split the Democratic party in two, battled and beat its regular State nominations in '47, and both State and National in 1848, when Van Buren received, including those of Abolitionists and Free Soil Whigs, 120,000 votes to 114,000 for Gen. Cass, both together having some 20,000 more than Gen. Taylor, who was chosen by the Electoral Vote of this State.

We may take occasion hereafter to chronicle and analyze our Barnburner Democracy in its decadence and obscuration, through the years since 1848, during which it has grown poorer and poorer in principles and richer and richer in spoils. Our object will be, like Gen. Taylor's in employing the bloodhounds against the Seminoles, "not to worry them, but to ascertain where they may be found." We will give them the credit of having never explicitly recanted their honourable declarations of eternal and uncompromising hostility to any Extension of Slavery under the flag of our Union, the sincerity of which declarations, it is very manifest, will be tested within a few years. We trust they will prove true metal, and shall count on them in estimating the strength of the Free Soil force in whatever contest may next arise respecting Freedom or Slavery in Cuba or in Northern Mexico. But whenever Prince John, or any other of the apostles, shall be moved to inveigh against the enormity of bolting, getting up split tickets, &c. &c., as treason to Democracy, we suspect some hard-shelled Adamantine will be apt to ask him how the Democratic party came to be so overwhelmingly defeated in 1847, and by whom the job was done.—*Tribune.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To the Editor of Saunders's [Dublin] News-Letter.

DEAR SIR: There is a letter in your paper of yesterday, signed "A. N. Lawrence, of Virginia, America," upon which I would beg, with your kind permission, to offer your readers a few comments. I agree with this gentleman in his remarks as to Mr. Roney's unkind observations respecting the New York Exhibition. It unforeseen difficulties have prevented the completion of that national work at as early a period as its projectors anticipated, I think foreigners should rather endeavour to find a reasonable excuse for temporary failure than, by, perhaps, unjust criticism, wound the feelings of parties who are endeavouring to promote the interests of their country. I therefore fully sympathize with Mr. Lawrence in his feeling on this point. But, when he steps aside of the question at issue, and, in a boastful style, draws invidious comparison between his country and Great Britain, his baseless pretensions merit prompt exposure.

What does an American from that sink of pollution—Virginia—mean, when he talks of the establishment in his country of "civil and religious rights," and of "the freedom of the press?" Does he think that Irishmen are so ignorant of American history as not to be aware that neither the one or the other of these landmarks of civilization exist in that degraded State, or in any other slave State of the Union. In all of them these names are but an empty boast. Mr. Lawrence knows right well that if I were in Virginia, and that I used the privilege of which he has availed himself—the privilege of speaking and writing my thoughts as a freeman—that my civil liberty would be mere moonshine, and that the press which dared to publish my free thoughts would be trampled in the dust. Does he forget the noble and the murdered Lovejoy, whose press was twice or thrice destroyed because he advocated the claims of the coloured man in a slave State? The brand of falsehood is upon the forehead of every pro-slavery American—falsehood to his own manly convictions, and to his country's "Declaration of Independence." I wish, with all my heart, that every Irishman made Americans, as they travel through our country, feel that their maintenance of Slavery degraded them and their country in our estimation. A Virginian should especially be made sensible of our indignant feelings, for his is a peculiarly degraded State. Its soil being long deteriorated by the curse of slave labour, its proud but wretched white proprietors derive their living, to a large extent, from slave-breeding. They actually raise slaves systematically, as we raise cattle, and send thousands of them every year to the Southern market. This is the honest, the honourable trade, by means of which the haughty Virginian derives his subsistence. There is not a more despicable occupation under heaven. A man from that nest of cradle-plunderers should be ashamed to show his face among true men anywhere on earth. The details of this horrid mode of seeking a livelihood would shock your readers; they are too disgusting for publication.

If Americans from slave States will travel through our country, let them have the modesty and the decency to do so noiselessly; and, poor and miserable as they will find us in many parts of the land, they may return home with the humbled conviction that there are none so poor or so wretched amongst us as not to pity them in our inmost souls for their infinitely more degraded condition. We are, by our own manly exertions, rising out of our poverty. They are, by their meanness and their tyranny, sinking lower and lower in their condition and in the estimation of mankind.

The slave States are cursed by Slavery; this their statistics indisputably prove. The rising greatness of the free States is retarded by their unholy connection with men-stealers; and deeply indeed do I regret being obliged to add that too many Irishmen yield disgracefully to the pro-slavery influences which surround them among that otherwise noble people. Truly yours, JAMES HAUGHTON.

33 Eccles street, September 6, 1853.

BURNING PAPERS IN VIRGINIA.—The *Religious Telescope*, the organ of the "United Brethren in Christ," published at Circleville, in this State, has recently been submitted to the flames at Glenville, Va., by the Postmaster at that place, on account of its Anti-Slavery sentiments. A large number of the members of this Church resided in Virginia, and of course many of them wished to read their official organ. But their Postmaster steps in between them and this boon; and, after having burned the *Telescope*, pens the following cool epistle to its editor:

GLENVILLE, Va.

MR. JOHN LAWRENCE.—*Sir:* I feel it my duty, as Deputy Post Master, to inform you that your paper, called the *Religious Telescope*, is one of such character as cannot be distributed in the State of Virginia. Nothing of an Abolition character can, under the laws of this State, be put in circulation. I was sorry to learn upon inspection of your paper that it contained violent Abolition articles, such as are in direct violation of the laws of this State, which subject the editors and circulators of all such documents to imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for not less than one nor more than five years. It is made my duty under the law to inspect all such papers and have the same burned. And your paper, being found, upon examination, to be one of the above character, was consigned, on last Saturday, to the flames, in the presence and by the direction of the Magistrate. A copy of your paper has been retained in this office, and will be before the Grand Jury of our County at the next Circuit Court. Yours, &c. W. E. HERRENDON, P. M.

That somewhat antiquated old document, the Constitution of the United States, which declares that the freedom of speech and of the press shall not be abridged, is decidedly under par in Glenville. This Mr. Herrendon, who seems to be conscience keeper for that region, assumes that the old gentleman who got up that document made a sad blunder in not excluding Abolitionists and Abolition papers from this general provision; and he is determined, in conjunction with the worthy Magistrate of the place, to save Glenville from the effects of this oversight. Blessed must be the place whose interests are cared for with so jealous a zeal as this Postmaster manifests.

But seriously. How will the present Administration treat such villainous conduct? Will it forthwith walk that Postmaster out of office? or, by its silence, tacitly encourage such outrages upon freedom of thought and utterance? If the editor of the *Telescope* is a man of grit, he will speedily bring the matter before the powers that be, and insist upon a rebuke to such insolent assumption.—*Oberlin Weekly Times.*

COLOURED VETERANS.

MR. WILDER, of this city, is prosecuting, in Washington city, claims for bounty lands of the survivors and heirs of the deceased members of the two battalions of free men of colour that were organized by Gen. Jackson, in 1814, for the defence of this city. We have not the law by us, so as to give an opinion as to the legality of this claim, but, provided its terms present no difficulty, the facts will certainly establish the claims of the veterans. Their services were brilliant and efficient. The idea of organizing the free coloured inhabitants of the State into military corps, for the defence of the State, occurred to Gen. Jackson in Sept., 1814, while he was stationed at Mobile, and before it was definitely known that the British contemplated an expedition to New Orleans. On the 21st of September, he issued a proclamation to the "free coloured inhabitants of Louisiana," in which he asserts that, through a mistaken policy, they had been heretofore deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country was engaged, and this should no longer exist. He proceeds:

"As sons of freemen, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

"Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered to every noble-hearted, generous free man of colour, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer; there will be paid the same bounty in money and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay and daily ratione and clothes furnished to any American soldiers."

Under this authority, a fine battalion of free coloured men was organized, numbering 300, the command of which was given to Major Lacoste, father of the present Gen. Lacoste, who accompanied his father during all the stirring scenes of the defence of the city. The men were chiefly fugitives from St. Domingo, who had taken sides with the French in the insurrection in that island, and who, therefore, felt the bitterest hostility against the English, who had supplied munitions and incentives to the insurgent slaves of that island. Hence they proved excellent soldiers, and were highly complimented for their conduct on the 23d December, and in the subsequent actions.

Their position was on the left of Plauche's battallon. Subsequent to the battle of the 23d, a new battalion of free coloured men was organized by Captain Savary, a veteran French soldier, who had served in the French army with distinction, and had also been distinguished for gallantry in the bloody scenes of the St. Domingo revolution.

Such were the facts attending the organization of these corps. Their remain of them quite a number of survivors. Our climate has been more indulgent to the coloured than to its white residents, and the coloured veterans outnumber the white. This was shown some years ago, when, on the 8th of January celebration, a place was provided for them in the programme of the day. We hope that these faithful veterans, who are some of our most orderly citizens, will receive the bounties which Gen. Jackson declared they would be entitled to.—*N. O. Delta.*

THE CASE OF THAT LITTLE GIRL.

OUR readers will recollect that in the group of slaves brought by writ of Habeas Corpus before Judge Flinn, and remanded by him to those claiming them as property, on their way to the extreme South, there was a little girl, "four or five years of age," fatherless and motherless on this occasion; it may be literally, but at any rate, to all intents and purposes, a friendless orphan—for this world—and doomed from her intancy to the grave to be a slave, with the prospect that her offspring, if she lives to have any, will be consigned to the same dreadful infamy and woe! Think of it! a little girl, four or five years of age, with no father or mother to protect her—and if she had, it would be about the same—on the way to the extreme Southern region, where oppression reigns the fiercest and is the most cruel, per

little sister "about four or five years of age," or, more to the purpose, are you a father, and have you a *little girl of that age?* Would it be possible to imagine even your mental condition, were you bound hand and foot, a slave yourself, doomed to hopeless bondage, whilst those calling themselves men, perhaps followers of Christ, should seize upon that little sister, or that little daughter, and hurry her away to the New Orleans slave pen, or sugar plantation? Or what, if, when you were about to die, you were apprized that such would be the fate of that same little child that hovers about your dying bed, weeping that you, her papa, was about to die, to be carried away, and to earth to return no more! Or, if you were dead, while your body was mouldering to dust, if you, as a spirit in the other world, took cognizance of what was transpiring in this, you saw that such a scene was actually taking place. My friend, take this case to your own bosom. Remember that you are a man, and that you ought to have the feelings of a man. If you are a father, as you cherish and prize your own offspring, remember the poor cast-off—helpless—hopeless offspring of others, *as being bound with them.* Such is the divine injunction, and, if you do not stifle your own humanity, SO MUST YOUR OWN SOUL CRY OUT!—(*Cincinnati*) *Journal and Messenger.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY TO THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY!

WHITE HALL, P. O., Sept. 2, 1853.

A PORTION of the slaveholders of Rockcastle county, August 27th, 1853, have put forth a series of resolutions, in which, among other things, I am publicly "censured," and which I wish to assist in presenting to the consideration of this Commonwealth.

Before I consider the preamble and resolutions over the signature of R. G. Williams, Chairman, and W. H. Kirtley, Secretary, I will give a statement of the facts.

Whilst I was attending the Anti-Slavery meeting at Christ's Church, at the Glade in Madison county, established under the auspices of John G. Fee and W. B. Fisk, native Kentuckians, news came that A. G. W. Parker, a native of Tennessee, and now a citizen of Kentucky, and a voter of Rockcastle county, employed as a colporteur of the Home Missionary Society, was in jail on a charge of "having attempted to persuade a slave to leave his master;" and that the bail was assessed by the Judge at one thousand dollars for the principal, and the same for the surety. Rumours also came that eighty-five slaveholders had banded together in a written article that they would prevent, by violence, Messrs. Fee and Fisk from preaching in Rockcastle county—where they had founded a Church and made an appointment. It was also understood that Parker denied the charge of his accusers.

I took a friend and went to Rockcastle, and in the Mount Vernon jail I found two prisoners committed on the charge of persuading slaves to leave their masters. The man named Shifflet was said to be of bad character, and an habitual drunkard. I gave twenty dollars to his wife and children, who are destitute, and five dollars to the jailor for his benefit—but refused to bail him. The other man, Parker, I learned was a citizen of unimpeachable character, a long time a member of good standing in the Methodist Church, and that lately he had become a member of the Free Church and a colporteur. After I had read him, in the presence of the jailor, Mr. Fee's letter, he said that, late in the night, after he had gone to bed, he was awakened by a slave of J. Newcum, who said his master had sold him, and he had run away, and wished to know how he could escape into the free States. Parker refused to give him the information, and the slave went away. After awhile he returned, and pressed his suit so urgently that Parker told him to stay at a certain place and he would see his master, and whether he had sold him or not. The slave went off, and Parker went to bed, when several men entered and seized him and took him to jail. He denied positively all intent to induce the slave to leave his master, and avowed his determination not willingly to violate the laws of his country.

Now, if this be true, Parker has violated no law, neither the "Higher Law" nor the "Lower Law:" as it will no doubt turn out when he comes before an impartial jury of his peers. For, so far from "attempting to induce a slave to *leave* his master," he attempted to induce him to *stand*, after he had left him!

I also sent for some of the largest slaveholders and principal men, and told them that I knew well the sentiments of Messrs. Fee and Fisk, and that they, in common with the whole "Abolition" or "Free Democratic Party of Kentucky," intended to abide by the Laws of the State, and yet make, under the Constitution and Laws, an uncompromising war upon Slavery; that we begged for peace, but if the slaveholders began violence, that we were in a majority, and would, though not as well organized as the slaveholders, defend ourselves to the death.

I told them that I had due respect for the citizens of Rockcastle and public sentiment—that I wanted the laws to be fairly executed in justice, with mercy; that because of Shifflet's bad character, I would not bail him; but because Parker bore a good character, I would bail him, for I learned that, in Tennessee, his character was good. I inquired of the gentleman with whom he had lived the last two years, and he said, in the presence of a dozen men, that Parker had borne himself well all this time. All other persons confirmed the same report, except W. H. Kirtley, whose objections to him were of a venial character, and I thought tinctured greatly with prejudice. I then proposed to bail Parker, and the Judge assented. Language was then used by several men, intended, as I believe, to intimidate the Judge, to prevent his allowing bail; but the Judge said firmly that the law was plain, and he would execute it. I then overheard J. Smith, who seemed to be the leader, say that they would give him an indemnifying bond against all penalties for refusing bail. Once more the Judge said, in a manly manner, that he was sworn to execute the law, and he intended to do it. We then proceeded to the Court House. When Parker was brought into the Court House, Messrs. Kirtley and Smith, citizens, and Jones, the county attorney, contended that the prisoner was committed under the 3d clause of the 5th art., 92d chapter, Revised Statutes, concerning slaves, &c., and should give bond for his good behaviour, or leave the State. I contended, on the part of the prisoner, that he was committed under the 2d section, for a higher crime and penalty than the 3d section, and that he claimed a fair trial of his accusers. The judge said that the warrant was issued on the charge of "attempting to persuade" the slave to leave his master, and that the testimony was to the same effect; as he himself had made the commitment, he was best judge of the offence, and would insist on the highest penalty of the 2d section, as in duty bound; that a violation of the 3d section, "being suspected" of an attempt to persuade, was simply a misdemeanour, requiring surety for good behaviour, or to leave the State.*

Yet these same high minded "citizens" and lovers of law insisted to the last on letting Parker off, simply upon his bond for good behaviour, which proves that they themselves have all confidence in Parker's innocence, and that he is and has been a law-abiding citizen, set upon by a conspiracy of men, who dare avow that they will carry their ends "peaceably if we can, *forcibly if we must.*"

Having thus noticed the facts, I now shall notice the preamble and resolutions in detail.

We are, in devotion to the Union of these States, not behind these "citizens" of Rockcastle; we shed as much blood in its establishment and defence as they; and we retort upon them, that if come "disunion, civil war, and anarchy," *Slavery* will be the cause, which has dared to override every principle of free government, and now threatens once more our "blood," unless we will yield up the liberty of the press and speech, and our religious faith, to its tyranny! The "Home Missionary Society," a portion of whose members are Kentuckians, and all American citizens, are as fixed as the slaveholders of Rockcastle in their allegiance to the American Constitution, and under and outside of that Constitution they will be as little ready to yield their rights.

1st. The Constitution of the United States and Kentucky "recognises Slavery as a civil institution;" so do we. The people made it, and the people can unmake it. What arrogance is it in one-twentieth of the people to say to the other nineteen-twentieths, you shall not "meddle" with an "institution" which is supported by their ballot-box and cartridge box! An institution which so much "intermeddles" with them—which ostracises us from all places of civil and political power and profit—which drives us into the mountains and waste lands, and exiles us from our homes—which monopolises the land, puts an eternal barrier between us and manufactures and commerce—which builds up among us a worse than heathen caste, embittering all the social intercourse of life—which dooms us to isolated effort and consequent ignorance by unattainable schools—which saps our manhood, and damns our consciences in maintaining, by the vote and the sword, this greatest of all wrongs! Is not all this enough? And now, when we say we have borne all this, and we, in our woe, call for the *Bible*, for that consolation of promise in a better world, which the "accursed institution" has denied us here—you will "*suppress*" it—will you?

2d. If the slaveholders of Rockcastle are "well supplied" with the "Holy Scriptures," the non-slaveholders are not. Those who don't want Bibles, need not receive them; those who do, ought not to be prevented, and will not be by the slaveholders, if they are prepared "to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" and to God the things that are His. These men and these "Ministers" are also "our own." Yours preach a slaveholding God—"ours" a God of Justice and Liberty—time will prove who are most ready to fall martyrs to their Faith!

3d. Out of the thousands of "Abolitionists" in our State, a portion of whom lately carried the election of a law officer over the slaveholders of Rockcastle, it yet remains to be proved that a single man has attempted to "induce slaves to escape to the free States!" Whenever a bad citizen shall thrust himself into our party, who willingly violates the laws, we will assist in his punishment according to law; but in defence of our constitutional rights in "peace" or "war," we will stand together; regarding that, which we will assist to impose on no man—Slavery—as the greatest of all "calamities!" If for this we must die, with Patrick Henry our aspiration shall ever be, "Give me liberty or give me death."

4th. The resolution which condemns my conduct I regard as an imperishable honour. It is not true, that which imputes to me any "pretence." When in your midst you attempted to overawe me in the discharge of a simple act of humanity and duty, I told you that I would explain "why I came all the way from Madison to bail Parker." "That I had understood that he held similar political views with myself against Slavery—that I was not a man to avoid responsibility, there or elsewhere—and that all the world might know that whenever the humblest citizen of my party was in distress, my purse and my person were always at his service." Your party made the constitution and the laws—you had, by our tameness of spirit or ill-timed magnanimity, all the power. If you did not intend for an offence against the 2d and 3d sections of the statute to be a bailable one, why did you not say so? No, it was you who attempted to overawe the Judge, and override the laws and make them "powerless." It is a calumny that I desire or encourage lawlessness. I left one man in jail, because of his *bad* character—another I bailed because of his good character. I told Parker, in your presence and the presence of the Court, that if I had reason to believe that he at any time had violated, or should violate, the laws, that I would withdraw from his suretyship, and recommit him to jail. No! It is not I—who would base all "institutions" upon justice and conscience—who would put the Bible and laws in the house of every man subject to both—who encourage "to violate female chastity or murder the infant." *It is I who would put down that "institution" which allows you with impunity to do it!* No! it is you who repress education and moral instruction—who dare deny the Holy Scriptures to all the slaves and all the non-slaveholding white millions of this accursed South—who sear the conscience and imbrute men "to violate female innocence and murder infants." The fact is on record, in divers places, that you have been the cause of the committal of those crimes upon the wives and infants of "ours;" and caused the perpetrators to be "run off!" How much longer will "our" overpowering numbers allow you to add insult to injury?

The letter of John G. Fee is worthy of him, and he is fully able to speak for himself. God speed him in his errand of love and mercy. Acknowledging the equality of all men before the law, and their brotherhood before God, he is a worthy representative of "our ministers" of the Christian Religion. Amid the millions of Pharisees who sit in high places—who do their alms to be seen of men—who cry "Lord—Lord," whilst devouring the houses of widows and orphans—a time-serving generation, who know not of a "Higher law" than the lust of worldly gain—he is not seated. There let him ever be found in the "Glade" and other bye places, which a God-defying "institution" has made waste, kneeling with the poor and friendless—still crying "Our Father who art in Heaven, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us"—visiting those who are in prison, and feeling with those who are in bonds, as bound with them!

Yes, "citizens" of Rockcastle, we welcome the contrast of your "ministers" and "ours"—and if Kentucky has not "lost the breed of noble bloods," many more will hasten to incur your "censure."

I ask all papers which have published the resolutions and statement of the "Citizens of Rockcastle," and all who are in favour of freedom of speech and the press, and the liberty of conscience, to give our defence—and may Kentucky yet be free.

C. M. CLAY.

SHOCKING BARBARITY TO A SLAVE.—The Carrollton (LA.) *Star*, of the 23d ult., has the following: "We grieve, for the honour of our town, to have to record an inhuman outrage practiced on the body of an old negro of this place, named Johnson, the slave of Charles Hines, by Hines himself, which resulted in death. The negro was nearly 90 years of age, and universally venerated for his soberness and honesty, as well as for his Revolutionary reminiscences. The monster master, taking umbrage at some petty offence, deliberately whipped, stamped, and kicked him to death, on Saturday last. The fellow feigned sickness, as is supposed, to cover a design of escape, and even had the blasphemous hardihood to affect a fear of immediate death, and to go through the funeral farce of making a public will. Officer Kener left two deputies in guard at his residence till Monday, when the body of the negro will be disinterred, and an inquest held over it by the Coroner. The unanimous verdict of the Jury—several physicians being present also assenting—was that he died from the effects of the blows and kicks he had received from his master. Persons who witnessed the examination say that the sight was sickening—his whole back cut and bruised into a jelly, and the lower part of his body kicked to pieces. Immediately after the inquest the monster was taken to jail. Let him go down to fame hand in hand with Legree—a hideous verification of that horrible villain.

—— MORE KIDNAPPING.—The Maysville *Eagle* contains an account of a high-handed outrage upon a family of free coloured persons, residents of Sardinia, in Brown County, Ohio. Hensley, the father of the family was roused about 10 o'clock in the evening of Thursday of last week, by persons knocking at his door. Eight men entered his house, knocked down his wife, rendered her senseless, and then tied the hands of Hensley and his four children, two of whom were girls, nearly grown, and two boys, somewhat younger. The captured father with his children were placed in a wagon, covered with quilts, and carried to the Ohio River, where they were placed in a skiff, and carried across into Kentucky. The scoundrels who had committed the outrage concealed the children during Friday under guards, among some bushes, but took Hensley to the house of a man who drove the wagon, about a mile and a half from Maysville. That night, the old man and his children were carried to Maysville, and confined in a private jail belonging to a man by the name of McMillen.

Rumour of the outrage had by this time got out among the neighbours of Hensley, and a telegraph communication was sent to Maysville, making inquiries after him, as he was a manumitted slave of a gentleman of that place. The fact of his confinement being made known by McMillen, a number of his Ohio friends went to Maysville, carrying with them evidence of his freedom, and the certificate from the Clerk of the Montgomery County Court, showing him to have been emancipated in the year 1832, by the last will of Joseph Hensley. The coloured man and his family were immediately set at liberty, and returned to Ohio. In narrating the case, the *Eagle* says:

"In the commission of the present outrageous felony, the laws of Ohio and Kentucky were struck down. Let the just punishment of the law be meted out to the offenders."

This case, taken in connection with the recent one of Watkins, and the alleged mysterious disappearance of a number of other coloured persons, affords grounds for believing that this infamous species of felony must be carried on somewhat extensively.

* Under this section, the liberty of seven hundred thousand of the people of this Commonwealth is insidiously endangered. Whenever a man is true enough to the instincts of nature to refuse to become the watch dog of Slavery, some slaveholder—and they are not wanting in that virtue—has only to swear that he "suspects" him of an intent to induce a slave to leave his master, and the poor devil is thrown into prison to die, or forced to sign the warrant of his own exile from his native land. It is therefore to be expected, when one interposes himself between them and their victim, that he will meet their "highest censure." Are they so impatient for the sacrifice, that they cannot wait till March next, but must see Parker suffering almost certain death in jail, before condemnation by law? The jail seemed to be about twelve feet by fourteen, of wood logs, floored with the same. Through an aperture in the floor, the prisoner was let down into a close room, by a rope or ladder, and then the trap door closed. There seemed to be no ventilation, and but one aperture, not allowing light enough for Parker to read the letter I carried him. The stench was intolerable, and a Mexican prison was never fuller of vermin! Are these men so impatient for a victim that they must go to a man's house at the dead hour of night, when the faculties are unstrung, and by the strong instincts of humanity tempt a man to violate an arbitrary law? How dare "respectable citizens" to thrust themselves with their slave into Parker's cabin? Shall the poor man have no *home?* Shall the sanctity of the bedchamber and the hearth-stone be known only to the wealthy slaveholder? Shall the labourer's wife and children have no resting place where brutal intruders dare not come? Where are the sons of the Boones and the Kenions? Does no rusty rifle rest upon the rack, to teach our tyrants that, among freemen, the cabin and the palace are alike inviolable?

It is due to the people of Rockcastle to say that, so far as I could judge, a large portion of all classes sympathize with me in bailing Parker, whom many believed an innocent and oppressed man. The people now begin to feel, to their sorrow, what I told them long ago, that Liberty and Slavery cannot co-exist. One or the other must die! C. M. C.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1853.

THE JERRY RESCUE TRIALS.

Editorial Correspondence.

CANANDAIGUA, Sept. 28.

I CAME hither, yesterday, to witness the arraignment and trial, in the U. S. Circuit Court for the Northern District of New York, of one or more of the men who stand charged with the crime of aiding in the Rescue of the Fugitive Jerry, at Syracuse, Oct. 1, 1851. At the Canandaigua Hotel I found Judge Hall (the fitly appointed Jeffries of the Fillmore Administration), District Attorney Garvin, and his 'illustrious predecessor,' Lawrence, of Syracuse—all looking and acting as if conscious that they were in a very mean scrape. They were surrounded by a bevy of their Silver Gray and Hunker friends, prominent among whom I noticed Hon. Francis Granger, of this place; but their efforts to appear cheerful, set off as they were by the mock gravity which is always the badge of a vulgar aristocracy, only made their despondency the more apparent. Here, too, I found the counsel for the rescuers, Messrs. John P. Hale, D. D. Hillis, and C. B. Sedgwick, and several of the rescuers themselves, their faces made radiant by the consciousness that they were engaged in a noble cause—in defending the most cherished rights of man against the encroachments of governmental tyranny. Judge Hall and his minions, though 'locked up' in official 'steel,' were 'thrice naked' in the presence of the men whom they had arraigned as criminals. Here, too, best of all, I found Gerrit Smith, in whose noble presence Judicial Ruffianism must ever stand abashed. His appearance disconcerted our modern Jeffries and his tools not a little. I saw him moving among them, a moral giant in the midst of pigmy officials, and felt as I never did before the force of the Scripture declaration, that "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." It was worth the journey hither to see Judge Hall tremble and blush in attempting to return Mr. Smith's gentlemanly salutation. It required no prophet's ken to determine which of the two felt most like a criminal. I was reminded of that saying of Theodore Parker, "the deeds of the soul are telegraphed in the face."

The Court met at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. After the jury-list had been called over, the District Attorney stated that the Government would not be ready to move any of the cases until to-day. The Court, therefore, adjourned.

Mr. Smith, as the readers of the *Standard* are already informed, had announced his intention of addressing the people of Onondaga County, yesterday and to-day, upon the enormities of the Fugitive Slave Act and in defence of the Rescue of Jerry. Having been denied the right by Judge Hall of arguing the question of the constitutionality of that Act as counsel for the accused, he determined to address the people themselves, and to expose to their view the utter wickedness as well as absurdity of the pretence that legislative acts for transforming men into chattels are valid and binding upon the conscience of the citizen. The adjournment of the Court left the multitude at liberty to listen; but the Court House and the churches were alike closed against the advocate of freedom. The rule of Hunkerism and Silver-Grayism in this village is complete. Priests and politicians combine to resist the cause of freedom and humanity. The Abolitionists of the place are cowed by the frowns of their enemies. The notices of Mr. Smith's meetings which he had sent to the place, and which some of his timid friends had ventured to put up, were torn down instanter by a deputy sheriff or marshal. Mr. Smith, however, was undismayed. He mounted a lumber-wagon in an open lot, near the centre of the village, and nearly one thousand people gathered to listen to his eloquent and impressive words. In the crowd I saw Hon. John P. Hale, and quite a number of the men who had been summoned as Jurors. The latter received some instruction, in respect to the law, which, I fear, could not have been obtained from Judge Hall. And here I may remark that the jurors are for the most part honourable and high-minded men. It would be difficult for the Government, if they were allowed to pick as they please, to find among the whole number twelve who would be likely to find the defendants guilty. I noticed among them one Quaker (Gideon Herendeen, of Farmington) who would be hung and quartered rather than stain his soul by a verdict for the Government.

This morning the Court met again, but the principal witness for the Government (McReynolds, the slave-catcher) being absent, the trials could not proceed. McReynolds, it appears, is sick, at his home in Missouri, and it is doubtful if he is ever well enough to come to Court again. The District Attorney proposed to the counsel for the accused to *read* the testimony of this scoundrel from the Judge's notes taken last Winter in Albany, but the proposition was promptly declined. The defendants could not afford to lose the advantage of exhibiting such a witness, *in propria persona*, to the Jury.

Thus the special term, appointed on purpose to try the Jerry Rescuers, proved a complete '*fizzle.*' The accused parties have been subjected to heavy expense, and yet are no nearer to a trial than before. Some six or seven times have they been arraigned, but the Government, on one pretence or another, has contrived to evade the issue; and even now they are left in ignorance as to the course which the Government officials intend to pursue. Such delays are an abuse of judicial power, upon which every good citizen should frown. The Whig officers lined their pockets well with the fees which these cases brought to their net, and now Gen. Pierce's hungry minions will probably continue the farce as long as possible for the sake of the plunder. The Government witnesses are for the most part a set of rowdies, whose only means of paying their grog-bills are derived from the fees which they get in attending upon these suits. I saw some of the crew hanging about the Court House, and could not help thinking them worthy tools to be employed in such business. It is to be regretted that an Onondaga Jury did not get a chance to pass upon the value of their testimony.

Mr Smith had announced his intention to speak again to-day in the open air, and many had come in from the surrounding country to hear him; but the rain rendered an out-door meeting impracticable, and he was compelled to speak in a hall not large enough to accomodate half of those who wished to hear him. He made an eloquent and deeply impressive address. In honest Saxon phrase he denounced the spurious Republicanism and the sham Christianity of the country. No Garrisonian ever went further in denouncing the hypocrisy of the great mass of the clergy of this land and the Churches they lead. He confessed himself an "infidel" to the popular religion of the United States, and declared his belief that genuine Christianity in our day was to be found among those to whom our political and religious presses apply that hateful epithet. He showed that the Church, while denouncing Abolitionists as infidels, was herself covered with the leprosy of Atheism. His audience seemed to coincide in his opinions. How little does the American Church know what she is doing—that she is rapidly digging the pit into which, unless she repents, she will soon plunge headlong!

Mr. Hale's appearance here has excited a very deep interest. When it was seen that the trials could not go on, a petition asking him to make a public address was drawn up and numerously signed; but, greatly to the disappointment of the people, he declined speaking.

This evening Mr. Smith addressed a crowded audience, in the Court House, on the Maine Law. The Sheriff had agreed to open the house; but when the hour arrived, the people found the door locked. The Hunkerism of the place was determined that Mr. Smith should not enter, and they had contrived that the key should be lost; but the Temperance people were not to be thus foiled. They forced the door, and will abide the consequences. O. J.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE JERRY RESCUE.

Editorial Correspondence.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 1, 1853.

THE "Jerry Rescue" has been celebrated, for the second time, in this place, to-day. The circumstances connected with that Rescue are too familiar to the readers of the *Standard* to need repetition. The event was an honour to Syracuse, an honour to the County of Onondaga, and an honour to our common Humanity; and it will be celebrated, I trust, as long, at least, as the existence of Slavery in our country shall render such a testimony needful.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the City Hall was crowded with people in whose faces it was easy to read the stern purpose of their hearts to resist, by all rightful and appropriate means, the efforts of the slaveholders to make the Empire State a hunting-ground for their human chattels, and her people bloodhounds to howl and bay upon their track. An effort had been made to prevent the meeting from being held in the Hall, but the Mayor, to his honour be it recorded, opened the door by his casting vote.

According to previous arrangement, Hon. GERRIT SMITH took the chair as President. Rev. J. W. Loguen, a fugitive slave, offered a fervent prayer.

On motion of Rev. Samuel J. May, the following Vice-Presidents and Secretaries were appointed.

Vice-Presidents.—Frederick Douglass, Mrs. Amy Post, of Monroe County; John Thomas, of Onondaga; Miss Lucy Stone, of Massachusetts; Oliver Johnson, of New York; Samuel Griggs, of Cayuga County; Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, of Syracuse; H. Potter, of Chatauque county; C. G. Chase, of Wisconsin; J. H. Reeves, of Wayne County; Thomas McClintock, of Seneca County; John J. Kelley, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Secretaries.—W. L. Crandall, James Fuller, and George B. Vashon.

On motion, Messrs. Ira H. Cobb, J. W. Loguen, T. G. White and J. A. Allen, were appointed a Finance and Expense Committee.

Letters from Joshua R. Giddings, Theodore Parker and others were referred, without reading, to the Committee of Arrangements, to be published. That from Mr. Giddings is as follows:

JEFFERSON, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for the invitation to attend the Anniversary at Syracuse. All honour and gratitude to the brave hearts and strong hands that saved Jerry from fetters and Southern Heathenism, who dared to maintain the rights of humanity, the Constitution of our country, and the laws of God, against those bloodhounds in human shape, who would have consigned him to torture and premature death, under Southern barbarity. That infamous Act of Congress called the Fugitive Slave Law should be evaded, repudiated, trampled upon, resisted by every Patriot and every Christian. The pretence that slaveholders and dough-faces in Congress have power under the Constitution to convert Northern freemen into slave-catchers, and to involve us in the expense, the guilt and disgrace of seizing and sending our fellowmen back to degrading servitude, is an insult to the dignity and common sense of the American People. I have ever regarded this enactment as a most flagrant violation of the Constitution, of God's law and man's inalienable right; and have uniformly advised fugitives to arm themselves and to shoot down those who should attempt to rob them of their God-given rights to freedom. That crime is far more aggravated than common murder, and it is ridiculous to say that he who commits it can be protected in the day of final retribution by that miserable act of Congress which is a libel on all that is called "Law."

I would rather see every Marshal, Deputy Marshal and Assistant, who attempts to commit the crimes which the law professes to authorize, slain and thrown into the same grave with bloodhounds, than to witness the outrage committed at Wilkesbarre, Pa., a few days since.

I repeat, the crime of sending a fellow being to torture and premature death under that Law is far greater than ordinary murder, and those who advise, aid, counsel or encourage its execution, bathe their souls in deeper guilt than they would to aid or counsel the perpetrators of murder in its ordinary form. Yes, I believe many a man has gone from the gallows to final judgment when far less guilty than all those Doctors of Divinity who have lent their influence to sustain the Fugitive Slave Law.

Two slave-catchers have fallen—have died on Ohio soil, while committing the crimes authorized by that act of Congress. They were slain by their intended victims; but had those fugitives failed to execute justice upon their piratical pursuers, I trust others would have performed a duty so palpably just.

Let the contempt of the people in its most concentrated form be brought to bear upon that Law, and upon all who would execute it, or who sustain and uphold it.

With great respect, yours for humanity,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY gave a circumstantial and thrilling account of the Rescue of Jerry. He referred to the indignation awakened among the people of Syracuse by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law; to the meetings they held, the Mayor of the City in the chair, in which they denounced and avowed their purpose to resist it; and to the threat of Daniel Webster that it *should* be executed here, perhaps during the session of an Anti-Slavery Convention. He related the story of Jerry's arrest *under false pretences;* of his agony of mind when he found himself liable to re-enslavement; of the excitement among the people of Syracuse when they found their city thus desecrated; of the indignation felt by the honest yeomanry of Onondaga, who were here at the time in attendance upon the County Fair or the Liberty Party Convention; of the measures adopted to rescue the victim; how, after his escape, he was brought back and kept five days in the very heart of the city, until his wounds and bruises were sufficiently healed to enable him to travel to Canada. He spoke in indignant language of the dishonourable means resorted to by the Government to secure the conviction of the men whom it suspected as the authors of the rescue—especially of the outrage committed by Judge Hall upon the right of Trial by Jury, in putting interrogatories to the jurymen which were designed and calculated to exclude from the box all whose consciences would not permit them to become his tools.

GERRIT SMITH then read an Address to the People of the United States, setting forth, in bold and unequivocal language, the principles on which the Rescuers of Jerry had acted, and avowing the purpose of those who should adopt it to continue to trample the Fugitive Slave Act under their feet. It was adopted by acclamation, there being not a single nay. It shall have a place in the *Standard* next week.

Mr. SMITH then said: "I have a bargain to make with you. It cost me a good deal of time to write this Address; and time with me, since my election to a body whose members receive eight dollars a day, is very precious, you know" (laughter). Taking a bundle in his hand, and proceeding to untie it, he continued: "I have here 400 printed copies of the Address, which I propose to sell to you for one shilling each—$50 in all. If you will buy them, I promise to be liberal myself and to put the whole amount into the Jerry Fund. And this you are to do, be it remembered, without diminishing in the least your contributions to that fund; for we shall want, not your shillings, but your dollars, for that purpose. I appoint brother Loguen my agent to sell these sheets. Here, brother Loguen, take the bundle, and see that you bring me $50 for it." After this speech, the addresses were purchased with avidity.

LUCY STONE was then introduced. She made a speech which stirred the deepest and holiest feelings of the crowd. Never have I heard her speak better. No report that I could make from memory (and I took no notes) would do her any sort of justice, or give any adequate idea of the effect she produced upon the audience.

The Chairman then inquired if C. C. Burleigh was in the house. Mr. B., from the farther end of the room, responded in the affirmative, and said he was always ready to answer when called. "Come this way, then," said Mr. Smith, "I want to tell you something." Mr. B. came forward, the audience cheering him warmly. "Now," said Mr. Smith, "it wants just sixteen minutes of the hour when we must adjourn. As chairman of this meeting, I command you to make a speech just sixteen minutes in length" (laughter).

Mr. BURLEIGH then took the stand, and, in a manner highly satisfactory to the audience, complied with the Chairman's order. Taking the people at the high point of enthusiasm to which Lucy had brought them, he carried them still higher by an eloquence which is too familiar to Abolitionists to need description. In view of the fact that hundreds who had sought admission to the hall during the forenoon were compelled to go away for lack of room, it was concluded to hold the afternoon meeting in the vacant lot adjoining the Unitarian Church. At that place a great multitude assembled at 2 o'clock, and were addressed by Rev. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Hon. GERRIT SMITH, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and C. C. BURLEIGH. Miss Brown's address bore marks of careful preparation, and was creditable alike to her head and heart. Mr. SMITH spoke with his usual earnestness and power. His chief object was to show that Christianity is identified with honesty, and infidelity with dishonesty; a definition that did not sound much like that quoted recently by an Anti-Slavery journal in Western New York for the purpose of condemning three of the most honest and self-sacrificing Anti-Slavery lecturers as infidels. Mr. Smith has not learned to go to Webster for definitions wherewith to excite odium against faithful labourers in the cause. Nothing pleased me more in hearing Mr. Smith, both here and at Canandaigua, than finding how perfectly his views of Christianity correspond with those held by the leading champions of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He loves Christianity as they do, and sees in it the great Power which is to reform the world; but he has learned better than to call any man either a Christian or an Infidel merely on account of his theological creed. He goes deeper, and judges men by the fruits they bear in their daily lives; and hence he feels indignant when the cry of infidelity is raised by a corrupt Church to silence the voice of the slave's friends. Like the 'Garrisonians,' so called, he sets the brand of Atheism upon the brow of such a Church.

Mr. DOUGLASS made an excellent speech, and one that *told*. With the exception of some passages approving of violence on the part of the slave, I enjoyed it highly. Indeed, I have not often known him to do better. His voice and manner give him great advantage over most speakers in an out-door meeting. At the close of his address, he held up to view the hand-cuffs which were upon Jerry's wrists at the time of his rescue, making them the text for some scathing but merited satire.

Mr. BURLEIGH took exception to so much of Mr. Douglass's remarks as implied a sanction of bloodshed. He showed, conclusively, it seemed to me, that a resort to violence was calculated to do harm by stirring up malignant feelings in the slaveholders and their abettors; while uninjurious force, as in the case of Jerry, was amply sufficient to effect the release of the fugitive in every instance where violence could be used with success. The state of public opinion which must exist to render violence effectual, and without which the resort to it would be little less than madness, would of itself supersede all necessity for employing that means, because it would enable the friends of the fugitive to rescue him in the way that Jerry was rescued—that is, by *uninjurious force.*

Thus closed a celebration which more than realized the anticipations of its projectors, and which has caused the pro-slavery politicians of this city to writhe in pain. I am heartily glad that I was present, and glad, too, that I had the honour to represent the New York Anti-Slavery Society upon an occasion of so much interest and importance. There is not a single member of that Society who would not have rejoiced to participate in the Rescue of Jerry; not one whose heart did not thrill with delight at the news of his escape; not one who is not disposed to honour the noble men who saved him from the hell of American Slavery. So far as my appearance as a delegate could do it, I made them all *accessories after the fact;* and, if they were faithful Abolitionists, they were all, of course, accessories *before* the fact.

Monday Morning, Oct. 3.

As the celebration occupied the whole of Saturday, I concluded to remain here over Sunday. In the morning, Rev. S. J. MAY having invited me to occupy his pulpit, I delivered a discourse on Pharisees, both ancient and modern, but especially *modern*, taking for my text the words of Jesus: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." In the evening, Mr. Burleigh delivered, in the same place, one of the most convincing and powerful addresses on Slavery to which I have ever listened.

I ought to mention, also, that on the evening preceding the celebration, LUCY STONE delivered an impressive Anti-Slavery address to a crowded audience in the City Hall; and that Mr. WATKINS, of Boston, and Mr. DOUGLASS spoke on Saturday evening, in the same place. These addresses were all very much admired by those who heard them.

I cannot close my letter without saying that the friends of our cause everywhere are deeply indebted to Rev. S. J. May for his faithful and unremitting labours in this city and vicinity. That Syracuse is not as pro-slavery as Utica or Buffalo; that the Fugitive Slave Law has never been enforced here, and that Jerry was rescued from the hands of his worse than Algerine captors, is owing very much to his private and public influence.

On my way hither I read the heart-moving story of the enslavement of SOLOMON NORTHUP; and since my arrival, I have had the satisfaction of taking Solomon himself by the hand. I need not say with what feelings I looked into the face of a man who had been torn from his wife and children in a free State, and compelled to wear the yoke and feel the lash of Slavery for twelve years. And here let me say that Northup's Narrative of his Experience as a slave is not less thrilling nor a whit less tragic than the story of Uncle Tom; while it has the advantage of that in being in no sense a fiction, but a narrative of facts. It is more than probable that hundreds of other men, born in the free States, who have been kidnapped as Solomon Northup was, are now grinding in the prison-house of Slavery, with no means of communicating with the friends who might prove their freedom, and no prospect of escape except through the door that opens to the world beyond. O. J.

THE EPISCOPALIAN'S AND THEIR COLOURED CHURCHES.

"IT is a long lane that has no turning," says the proverb, but everybody has some experience that suggests doubts of its truth. We, for our part, have thought that we had one indisputable instance, which would last our time, and that in following, at a respectful distance, and as an humble spectator, the Episcopal Church of this diocese in a road it had taken, we should never, by any possibility, come to a corner. That Church, for so many years that we cannot recall the exact number, has steadily and persistently refused to admit a coloured Church to the fellowship of its yearly Convention, and that with such a degree of undisguised contempt for their humble brethren in the Lord that we had not ventured to believe that it would recede from that position till the great Day of Jubilee hereafter, or that other day here—it is to be hoped *now* not quite so distant—when Trinity Church shall cease to be morally, as it is physically, the very mouth and end of Wall Street. For all these years it has been our duty, as journalists, to record how steady and undeviating has been the determination of the Church in the way they ought not to go, and how equally faithful and earnest in the right way Mr. Jay, one of its members, has been to turn the footsteps of the body into the hitherto untried path of Christian humility and consistency. We, naturally, do not look for crystallizations to become again fluid; as naturally we had as little hope to report that this crystal Church had put on the form of the simple and original element of Christianity.

We nevertheless rejoice, and not merely because we are tired of repeating an old story, that this year we have come to the turning-off place, and have to report that the condition of recognition by the Episcopal Church is not one of colour. The short and almost unanimous turn to the right made by the Convention, in session here last week, suggests, indeed, either that there has been heretofore some concealed motive other than the merely vulgar and irreligious one of prejudice, or that something less than the mere sense of justice is the governing motive now; but however this may be, the fact remains, and it is one which may be welcomed as a sign of progress, that the Convention has receded completely from the course which it has hitherto followed. As a matter of history, and to put up a new landmark in the progress of the Cause, we subjoin the report of the proceedings.

On the second day of the session of the Convention, Mr. Jay gave notice of his intention to get at his object by moving the following amendment to canon 4:

No Church applying for admission, which shall have been fully incorporated as above provided, shall be refused admission into union with the Convention of this Diocese, on account of the race, lineage, colour or complexion of the congregation so applying, or any part thereof, or of the minister presiding over the same—nor on account of any social or political disqualifications of any kind whatsoever, that may attach, or may be supposed to attach to them without the Church—and all Churches admitted into Union with said Convention, shall be admitted—without any condition or qualification establishing or recognising caste in the Church—upon a footing of Catholic Equality and Christian brotherhood.

This, it will be seen by the following report, was a successful movement, and, though it would have been more to the credit of the Convention had they met the question fairly and squarely, and left their records to tell this part of the history of the Church as it has been really enacted, still we must congratulate Mr. Jay on his final triumph of his years-long and faithful labours. The next day,

The Rev. Mr. Leonard moved that the amendment to Canon 4, which Mr. Jay gave notice he would bring up yesterday morning, be struck from the minutes, and the simple fact stated, that an amendment to than Canon would be brought up by Mr Jay.

This gave rise to considerable discussion, as to the competency of the Convention to strike out any part of the regular minutes.

Dr. McVickar, of Columbia College,

nounced judgment against Austria, and acquitted the United States. Yet strange as it is, Austria has called the United States to an account for violating the sovereign territorial rights of the Emperor of Turkey.

The conclusions at which the President has arrived, after a full examination of the transaction at Smyrna, and a respectful consideration of the views of the Austrian Government thereon, as presented in M. Hulsemann's note, are, that Koszta, when seized and imprisoned, was invested with the nationality of the United States, and they had, therefore, the right, if they chose, to exercise it, to extend their protection to him; that from International law, the only law which can be rightfully appealed to for rules of action in this case, Austria could derive no authority to obstruct or interfere with the United States in the exercise of this right in effecting the liberation of Koszta, and that Capt. Ingraham's interposition for his release was, under the peculiar and extraordinary circumstances of the case, right and proper.

These conclusions indicate to M. Hulsemann the answer which the undersigned is instructed by the President to make to the Emperor of Austria, to the demands presented in M. Hulseman's note. The President does not see sufficient cause for disavowing the acts of the American agents which are complained of by Austria. Her claim for satisfaction on that account has been carefully considered, and is respectfully declined.

Being convinced that the seizure and imprisonment of Koszta was illegal and unjustifiable, the President also declines to give his consent to his delivery to the Consul-General of Austria at Smyrna, but, after a full examination of the case as herein presented, he has instructed the undersigned to communicate to M. Hulseman his confident expectation that the Emperor of Austria will take the proper measures to cause Martin Koszta to be restored to the same condition he was in before he was seized in the streets of Smyrna, on the 21st of June last.

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to M. Hulsemann the assurance of his high consideration.

WM. L. MARCY.

SPEECH OF J. M. MCKIM, AT GLASGOW.

THE *Glasgow Sentinel*, of the 10th ultimo, contains a report of a public meeting held in that city, a few evenings before, and which was addressed by J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia. As our readers know, there has been a determined and unscrupulous effort, for the last two or three years, on the part of certain people in Glasgow, to destroy the reputation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and thus prevent, as far as their influence extended, any aid from being afforded it from Great Britain; and though we know that this attempt to sacrifice the Anti-Slavery cause to the interests of sectarianism has met with very limited success, we are nevertheless gratified at the evidence of it evinced in the reception given to Mr. McKim. The meeting which welcomed him to Glasgow is represented by the *Sentinel* as filled with a "highly respectable audience of both sexes," and among the names of those who were on the platform are Rev. Dr. Graham, Rev. Mr. Crosskey, and Dr. Young; Messrs. John Knox, John B. Ross, J. G. Crawford, Robert Kaye, Wm. Smeal, Andrew Paton, R. Kirkwood, A. Inglis, and E. Anderson. Professor J. P. Nichol, a gentleman well-known and esteemed in this country for his scientific attainments, as well as his private worth, was called to the chair, and on introducing Mr. McKim to the audience paid a deserved tribute to his character, and to his relation to the Anti-Slavery cause.

As many of our readers will be glad to know how Mr. McKim acquitted himself on this occasion, and what he said, we copy his speech entire, as it is reported in the *Sentinel*. It was peculiarly appropriate to the place in which it was delivered, and will, we cannot doubt, be productive of good. He said:

That public speaking was not his occupation, and he never undertook to address an audience, composed as that one was, without great reluctance; but in a great cause—one of immeasurable magnitude—one in which he felt so deep an interest—and coming, as he did, fresh from the scene of conflict, if he could say anything likely to produce a deeper effect on the public mind, or calculated to advance the cause of the Anti-Slavery movement, he should be most happy. He took for granted that, on the abstract question of Slavery, there was no need that he should say anything to a Glasgow audience. Slavery was an evil—an unmixed evil—to the slave and to the master, to the Southern States where it exists, and to the Northern States, who are bound to share in its support and in its infamy, to the Church and to the State, in short, that, considered in any aspect, it was evil and ever increasing evil. He was not unaware, in so saying, that it was a common thing for religious teachers in American pulpits, while affecting to deplore the system, to present the subject of Slavery as wearing, if not a bright, at least one comforting and consoling aspect. These men profess to adore the wisdom and goodness of God in bringing these unhappy children of Africa from its benighted shores, where they were bowing down to stocks and stones, ignorant of the true God, to a land of Gospel light and religious liberty, where they can learn the doctrines of Christianity, and be regenerated by their power; and that, having learned the great truths of the Gospel, and some of the acts and usages of civilization, they rejoice that, in the providence of God, and under the auspices of the American Colonization Society, they are qualified to go back to the benighted land from which they originally sprung, there to be preachers and missionaries of civil and religious liberty This, said the speaker, has a very specious and pious sound, and is greedily drunk in by the willing ear of the listeners; but there is more of fancy in it than fact, and more of blasphemy than religion. What is it but seeking in the inscrutable counsels of God for a justification of the iniquity of the slave trade, which originally brought the black man to America, and making the Almighty to sanction the prejudice which underlies the scheme of expatriation adopted by the American Society? It is impious and absurd to use language that implies that the three millions of slaves in America were brought from Africa to be converted to the Gospel, and then to be sent back as missionaries of its doctrines. Very many are American born, many of them raised for the market in the States of Virginia and Maryland, and sold in the shambles of Mobile and Louisiana. For this iniquity no justification or palliation is to be found in the counsels of God; and if any of these unhappy people are sent to the distant and inhospitable shores of Africa, it is only adding to the iniquity by banishing them from the land of their birth. There is no bright side to the picture of American Slavery. What is American Slavery? Let the slave-code of the Southern States answer the question. Slaves were declared "chattels personal." On this point the speaker enlarged, considering it abstractly and philosophically, leaving the people to draw their own inference in regard to treatment. He showed that the American slave-code invested the master with absolute power, and then made it clear from historical proof and other evidence that no man was to be intrusted with such absolute power without the greatest danger. The tendency of absolute power had invariably been to corrupt and to harden the heart of its possessor. It might be said, is there not something in their nature and in public opinion to prevent these atrocities? Human nature, he answered, was no better in the United States than in any other country. Human nature is the same all the world over; and he would yield to no man in his faith in it; but if there is one lesson taught in the page of history more than another, it is that no human being can be intrusted with absolute power over his brother man (cheers). It was said of the Emperor Nero, that when a youth he was exceedingly kind and gentle, so much so that when called to the throne he wept on being required to sign the death-warrant of one of his subjects; yet it was this same Nero who, when hardened and corrupted with the exercise of absolute power, slew his own mother, and ordered the imperial city to be set on fire that he might enjoy the sight. As another instance, he might relate an incident told him by Mr. Wells. That gentleman was returning one day from a camp meeting in company with the Rev. Dr. Nelson, a man remarkable not only for his piety, but his genuine philanthropy. They had talked on various subjects, particularly on foreign missions, and Dr. Nelson was observed to shed tears in discoursing of them. The Doctor did not keep slaves himself, though he conformed so far with the customs of the country as to hire such as he required from the neighbouring proprietors. When they reached Dr. Nelson's house, his lady whispered something to him, and he went out again. Mr. Wells sat some time, when he heard, as from a distance, a loud scream of anguish, and again another. He made no inquiries till Dr. Nelson came in, his face flushed and excited, and he immediately told Mr. Wells that he had been chastising a woman who had insulted his wife, the law giving a temporary master the same power over a slave as the real owners. Mr. Wells, in consistence with his character, made such powerful appeals for the slave as produced the sincerest repentance on the part of Dr. Nelson, who on the spot abjured Slavery and everything connected with it, and from that day he went forth pervaded by a new spirit, until he has been the means of procuring more manumissions than any other man these last 30 years (great cheering). He mentioned this to prove his assertion that even he was not to be trusted with absolute power over his fellow-creatures; and if such was the effect in regard to such a man, what must be the condition of the slave in the hands of those persons who have no sensibilities to restrain them, and no check on their lusts? He would not answer this question, but leave them to judge. He would like them to see him at home in the office of the Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, at this season of the year in particular. These poor people fly at night, guided by the north star, and after having braved dangers the most formidable, stop at their office and feel they are safe. He would like them to see them come in covered with dust, and hear the tale of each—and these were not ill-treated slaves who had braved death and suffered so much to get their liberty—they are not the slaves of the cotton field, the rice swamps, or the sugar mill, but the well-treated slaves, as they are ordinarily regarded. It is those which have indulgent masters, with opportunities of making some money, that escape from Slavery. The miserable slave on the plantation has no opportunity of escape. He never heard of a single slave escape from a rice swamp. But if they only heard the tale of the well treated slave, he was certain they would renew their vows to labour against the system, and make light of the objections that are brought against the Abolitionists for their zeal, but would rather charge them with a want of zeal.

Mr. McKim then related the case of Henry Brown, who was conveyed in a light packing-box a distance of 300 miles to Philadelphia. He was a well-treated slave, enjoyed many privileges, and never felt the lash of the overseer in his life; but his wife and children, who belonged to another master, were sold to a Southern slave trader, and carried from Virginia to North Carolina, and were in the possession of a Methodist minister of that State. Unable to endure this, Henry dared the risks he encountered. And it is this system which has the sanction of the most influential bodies in the United States, including the American Church and the clergy! From this branch of the subject he proceeded to consider the condition and prospects of the Abolition movement, and on this point his testimony was of the most decided and cheering character. The good work was in the advance, the hearts of Abolitionists were hopeful and confident. Their number was increasing, and also their power; public sentiment was undergoing a sensible change. There was now an Anti-Slavery literature in America; books on the subject of emancipation were read formerly almost only by Abolitionists, and were for sale only at Anti-Slavery depositories. Now, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read by all classes in the United States, and sold at the most pro-slavery book stores. "The White Slave," an old and radical Anti-Slavery book, under a new name, was following in its wake; and now the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," an Anti-Slavery document of still greater thoroughness and power, was being distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land. Ninety thousand copies were sold in America the first month of its publication. Whether regarded as a sign of progress actually made, or as a cause of further advancement, this fact must be looked upon as exceedingly cheering. He next spoke touching the Fugitive Slave Law, and drew encouragement even from this source. He was sorry, however, to say, on the other side, that the great mass of the Church, with its ministers, elders, and office-bearers, were supporters of Slavery; and the proceeds of the slave's toil went into the coffers of the American Bible Society, and other benevolent societies, to spread the Gospel in Pagan lands (hear, hear). He then read an extract from a work by the Rev. Albert Barnes, strongly condemning the conduct of the clergymen on this question, and showing how they could, by their influence, destroy the institutions of Slavery, and, as soon as they chose, break the last shackle of the last slave (cheers) Speaking of the fall of Slavery, and the connection of the Church and clergy with the subject, reminded him that when, in this country, people had occasion to speak on the matter, their so doing gave rise to a good deal of odium. They were charged with being enemies to the Church of Christ, and hostile to the Christian ministry. He alluded to that charge because it was now brought against the present Abolitionists; but he would say that the charge of infidelity had lost much of its force with all genuine Abolitionists. This was also made a ground of objection to co-operate with the American Anti-Slavery Society. Now, he believed that if ever Slavery was to be abolished in the States, it would never be by any particular class. He referred to Pennsylvania, which was no longer a slave State. Seventy years ago Slavery was abolished under the conjoint influence and action of the leading men of all classes, orthodox and heterodox, Quakers and Baptists, Methodists and Catholics. He next gave an account of the prospects of the cause of the Abolitionists in the United States. It was never in a better condition, and their hearts rejoiced in its prospects. The time would come, perhaps was not far distant, when Slavery will be a thing that was in the States. To be sure, the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law looked somewhat inauspicious; but nevertheless, though to some discouraging, it had not that effect on the Abolitionists: it has only imparted to them more strength, and it had had the effect of bringing over to their side many who before stood aloof. The law, though meant for evil, has been overruled for good, for it had brought far more Abolitionists than recovered fugitive slaves, and even as a law he was happy to say that they regarded it as a dead letter. The first year after its enactment strong efforts were made to put it in force. The army and the navy, the police, and every means, were tried to enforce it; but so obnoxious was it to public sentiment that in no case was it executed without a strong tendency to riot. The State of Pennsylvania was the principal theatre for the execution of this law; yet even there he did not believe six persons would be found for love or money to engage in an effort to capture a fugitive slave; and, with the exception of three persons, none in Philadelphia would voluntarily, or for money, engage in the vile business. The presence of Mr. Garrison at the Hale dinner at Boston, where he was an acceptable speaker among hundreds who differed from him in opinion, and who had previously occupied a hostile attitude towards him, had been proclaimed to the South as a sign that the Anti-Slavery agitation was to be renewed with more violence than ever. Mr. Garrison's appearance as an invited guest at the Cincinnati Convention—a convention made up in part of people differing essentially from Mr. Garrison in religious and political opinion, but welcoming Mr. Garrison in the heartiest way for his fidelity to the cause—was another fact of the same kind. The time had been when Mr. G. was denounced, by some now welcoming him, as an infidel. That time had passed in America with all true Abolitionists. Mr. Garrison had lived down that calumny. Mr. McKim regretted that in this country the cry was still raised. A charge more destitute of true foundation could not be uttered. It originated in slander; and though some honest people might be imposed upon, it was kept in circulation by bigotry. Mr. McKim conceded all that could be alleged as a foundation for the charge—he admitted Mr. Garrison's heretical views on the subject of Scriptural inspiration, but averred, in the face of it all, that Mr. Garrison was not an infidel, but one of the most reverent believers, in the true sense of the word, that he had ever known. He had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Garrison for twenty years, and knew that he was a man who emphatically walked with God. God seemed to be in all his thoughts. In private conversation, and in public discussion, he habitually spoke of men and things in their relation to God. It was this feature in his character that gave him his great influence among Abolitionists. He always addressed himself to the conscience and religious sentiment, and made men feel Slavery an offence before God. Mr. McKim gave as his reason for thus justifying Mr. Garrison from slander, that many attacked the cause by libelling its greatest leader (hear, hear, and cheers). It was for the sake of the great cause that he spake. In further illustration of the unsectarian character of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. McKim stated that he was present at its formation in 1833; Lloyd Garrison only drew up the resolutions, and they were endorsed by the Presbyterians, Quakers, Wesleyans, Unitarians, and men of every sect. He had never been at any meeting where he felt the presence of God more thoroughly than at that one—and all present felt the same with respect to it. He further stated that Slavery in Pennsylvania had only yielded to the united action of all parties—that Benjamin Franklin (a man not sound in the faith) co-operated in the same cause with Granville Sharp, and Dr. Price, who was the friend of Dr. Priestley, and concluded a most honest defence of the Society from the charges bigotry brings against it, by declaring that the platform of a cause of humanity should be as broad as humanity itself. The speaker continued to show most successfully that the American Anti-Slavery Society was worthy the confidence of sincere Abolitionists of all sects and parties, and remarked on the importance of not exalting any branch of the movement (such, for example, as that undertaken by the Vigilance Committees), however useful to the importance of the movement itself.

Mr. McKim was loudly cheered on resuming his seat. The only matter of regret to the audience was, that he was evidently suffering under considerable physical weakness.

Mr. McKim was followed by the Rev. Henry Crosskey, who remarked upon the gratification all must feel to hear that the spirit of bigotry was somewhat abating in this country. The Rev. Mr. Graham then moved a vote of thanks, which were heartily responded to, and Professor Nichol, in presenting them, as Chairman, said:

That he had great pleasure in conveying the thanks of the meeting to Mr. McKim for his very interesting address. It was all most interesting—the latter part of it certainly not less than what preceded it. Two things, he hoped, would go forth as explaining their position regarding these charges and dissensions. In the first place, that the Anti-Slavery Society had never employed its organization or its means in furtherance of any object save one—that great object for which it is strictly constituted; and, secondly, that in furtherance of this object there is literally no other effective organization existing. When men in future times look back in search of the agency which stood stern and unflinching during the crisis through which America has just been passing, the eye will rest on that Society alone. That being the case, said Professor Nichol, I do trust that no one will think it needful to be scared by the fact, that in other regions of speculation, and other lines of human duties, many of the men who have done best service in this great work choose to take counsel of their own senses of right, instead of from ours. I trust it will not held by any tender conscience, as sufficient ground of offence, that there is asked for William Lloyd Garrison that privelege which the weakest of us here assembled at least ought to claim—the privilege, in presence of his God, to use the reason with which he is gifted in thinking freely concerning aught that can affect our human destiny, and, when so it shall seem to him meet, to declare, without let or hindrance, the entire results of that thought.

GENERAL DIX.—If anybody wishes to see how dirty a pudding the hungry dogs of politics will condescend to, we commend to such curious persons the reading of General Dix's letter to the South, which may be found, in its appropriate place, on our first page of this week. The *Evening Post*, in commenting upon this letter, says that it trusts, "for his own sake, that there may be no occasion for General Dix to continue his correspondence with Dr. Garvin any further, though, in our judgment, his position now stands more in need of explanation than it did before the correspondence commenced." The remark is a very just one, and comes with the more force from that paper, inasmuch as it has been growing fat for something more than a year past on puddings of precisely the same sort.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN the English *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, for September of the present year, in an editorial article entitled "African Emigration," and in relation to a contract between the British Government and Messrs. Hyde and Hodges for furnishing free negro labour for some of the West Indies, we have the following extraordinary assertion:

We think it ought to be known that a large number of the inhabitants of Liberia, manumitted slaves and others, who were originally conveyed thither from the United States of America, under the auspices of the *Colonization Society*, are known to have taken advantage of the offer of Messrs. Hyde, Hodges, and Co., and to have found their way to British Guiana and elsewhere, in the capacity of emigrant labourers. The refusal of the authorities at Monrovia readily to grant passports to those who are desirous of leaving the country, and the placing of other obstructions in their way, have had the effect of encouraging a considerable immigration of Liberians to Sierra Leone, where the facilities for repairing to the West Indies are greater, and where they are beyond the jurisidiction of the republic.

Is it possible that, notwithstanding the glowing accounts with which we are constantly favoured of the prosperity of Liberia, and the happiness of its citizens, large numbers nevertheless *escape* from thence to Sierra Leone, for the purpose of engaging as labourers in the West Indies? This is a wonderful statement, and yet it is made on respectable authority. It is to be hoped that the officers of the American Colonization Society will either disprove the statement or explain why the emigrants are forsaking the colony.—A. B.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXXXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Mechanics' Exhibition—Where held—The Correspondent is impertinent on Worsted Work—He describeth Furnitures—And blaspheneth Daguerreotypes—The Webster Nuisance in Faneuil Hall—The Correspondent criticiseth it—He maketh practical suggestions—Mr. Calhoun in the shade—Calhoun and Webster compared—The true Expounder of the Constitution—Another cause called—Whig Destitution—Governorship going begging—Who nominated—Distance lends the enchantment—The Democrats at Worcester and at Meionian Hall—Self denying Ordinance—Self-deniers missing—Spat hoped for, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Oct. 3, 1853.

I HAVE just come from the Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, which is held tri-annually, I believe, in Faneuil and Quincy Halls. The tables containing specimens of goods are arranged on the floor, often covered with the upturned faces of the men that produced them, and round under the galleries. In front of the platform are suspended numerous specimens of misdirected industry, as it strikes an outside barbarian, by which time, eyesight and industry are expended in making the human face anything but divine, and the face of Nature anything but attractive, in party coloured worsted. However, I will not presume to meddle with these mysteries which are too far removed from my sphere. I acknowledge the Right of Woman to disfigure Canvass in this way, if she will admit the reciprocal Right of Man to hate the sight of it. The galleries are approached by two temporary staircases at the platform end of the room, and were almost entirely filled with furniture, some of it with very beautifully carved work. The fruit, flowers, birds, fishes and game of some of which would not have disgraced Grinling Gibbons himself. One piece of furniture amused me, as it was the very identical thing that Goldsmith, I think it is, describes somewhere as a convenient appendage to an Attic residence:

"A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

This was the very identical thing now probably re-invented. The street from Faneuil Hall to the Market, over which is Quincy Hall, is bridged over by a light and elegant specimen of the pontitific art. This Hall was filled with manufactures of furs, leather, machinery, among which the sewing machines seemed especially to attract the ladies, also silver ware, jewelry, and coarser, but perhaps as important, agricultural implements. Daguerreotypes there were good store, of course. Governors, Ministers, actors, men and women public and private, consented to be hung in chains for the good of the artist and entertainment of the public. We are usually thought to have a tolerably good opinion of ourselves; but, surely, we must be a nation singularly free from personal vanity. It is a Martyrdom I have never yet been able to nerve myself to undergo. A little private agony of the kind I may have submitted to. But is it necessary to submit one's natural ugliness, improved by the Daguerrian Art, to the scrutiny of the public? O, Monsieur Daguerre, thou hast much to answer for!

But the thing which must force itself upon the attention of every one who enters Faneuil Hall is the disgraceful picture which the insolence of a handful of Mr. Webster's parasites has foisted into the place consecrated to the founders of the Republic. It is astonishing that no one has slipped in some night and served it as General Jackson's figurehead was (very unworthily) when Commodore Elliott put it to a ship of war. It would be a perfectly safe operation, for, surely, no jury could find it anything but a public nuisance, liable to be abated by any citizen. Now, five-tenths of the people of Boston regard this monstrosity as you and I do, and speak of it in private as strongly as we could do. And, yet, such is the tone of character our institutions generate, that no man can be found to take ground publicly against it. It has no merit as an historical picture, though some of the portraits have merit, as such. It tells no story. For, indeed, like the knife-grinder, it has "none to tell, Sir." Charles I. coming to the House to seize the Five Members, or Cromwell dispersing the Long Parliament, may make Historical Pictures, for the events had historical issues and tell their own tale. But of what historical importance was Mr. Webster's Speech in reply to Mr. Hayne? What came of it? It was a speech and there an end. And this picture does not even tell that much. If you were not told beforehand what it was, it would never occur to you that Mr. Webster had ever opened his mouth, unless it were to gape, which one might suppose he had just risen to stretch himself and do. What business has a portrait-painter to make Faneuil Hall his picture gallery? The great heap of the members on the floor, and all with an exception or two, in the gallery, are persons of no possible consequence, excepting to themselves, and their pictures might be cut out and distributed among them. Mr. Webster's cut down to a Kit Kat, might be allowed a corner by way of *placebo* to his morbid admirers. Posterity would suppose, in case of such a razeeing, that it was taken just after he had risen from a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner, on which appetite, good digestion and health had waited.

But the most characteristic thing about this egregious performance is, that among the crowd of public obscurities on the floor and of private insignificances in the gallery, the only man (unless John Quincy Adams be in the crowd) of any pretensions to the name of statesman, the only one that had impressed himself on his time, the greatest man of the whole assembly, Mr. Calhoun to wit, is thrown into the very darkest of the shadow of the picture, so that he can scarcely furnish out. It is not precisely a counterpart to the juxtaposition immortalized in Lord Chesterfield's epigram on seeing the full length picture of Beau Nash placed between the busts of Newton and Pope, at Bath,

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length."

For Mr. Webster was the first man of his time in the Court room, when he thought it worth his while to take pains. But in the Senate Chamber his genius stood rebuked before that of Calhoun, even more humbly than before that of Clay. He never dared to cross his path. In his pretensions to statemanship there, he seemed a bloated pigmy by the side of that Titanic man. Webster the Expounder of the Constitution! Calhoun was the ablest and the truest Expounder the Constitution ever had, and it is to him that those who wish to preserve the several States from the tyranny of a crushing centralization come now for armour and for weapons. And it is he that will dictate from his tomb to the majority of the Supreme Court, should the question ever reach them, the decision which will sweep the Fugitive Slave Act from the Statute Book. Northern Judges, the McLeans, and Griers, and Judsons, and Kanes, are encouraged to sustain it and catch negroes under it—it is their vocation; but the slaveholding majority of the Court have learnt the true doctrine of State Rights too well from Calhoun ever to admit the power of Congress to touch Slavery in any way, even in the way of helping.

But let us call another cause. I am afraid that I have been a little *preachy* in that last paragraph. But, pardon me, I do not often offend in that manner. I told you in my last of the Free Soil Convention and its doings. Well, the Whigs and Democrats have both of them held their Conventions. The poor dear Whigs came together in great tribulation and anguish. Not a candidate could they find for love or money. Messrs. Winthrop, Choate, Lawrence, all the prominent men for candidates, cried with one consent (as it is said the Bishops used to obtest "*nolo episcopari*," "I won't be a Bishop!") "You shan't make me Governor!" It was remarked that Mr. Winthrop, who presided, was the only Whig of the first rank that was at the Convention and he gave notice that the Speech he made there was the only one he intended to make during the campaign. They pitched on Hon. Emory Washburn, of Worcester. A very competent and estimable gentleman, undoubtedly; but whose chief recommendation is understood to have been, that he was three thousand miles off, in Europe, so that he could not refuse to stand! Their main reliance is on the contrary winds which are apt to prevail at this season, which they hope may keep their candidate beyond their reach. For it is not to be believed that any political confessor can be found ready to take up the cross of that martyrdom, of his own accord. They might have found some Second rate Webster Whig that would have taken it gladly. For their swallow was so distended last year, by their expectations of making him President, that there is nothing so gross that they cannot gulp it down. But then the mass of the Whig party despise the Webster fragment of it as much as the Slaveholders do—or nearly.

The Democrats had no difficulty, I believe, in nominating their man, Judge Bishop, at Worcester. This portion of the party, which is nearly the whole of it, is understood to be willing to coalesce with the Free Soilers for the possession of the State. A small fragment of the party—the extremest extremity of the Hunkers, who think catching negroes for the Slaveholders to be the Chief End of Man, politically as well as religiously—held a meeting at a place then first mentioned in history called Meionian Hall. They passed a Self-denying Ordinance, and pledged themselves to one another and the world, that they would take no State Office, or help confer one, in company with any man suspected of entertaining the slightest objection or distaste for the noble National Sport of running down the game of their masters in this preserve of theirs. This was very well on their part and showed a self-sacrificing disposition. But, unluckily, they undertook to nominate a Committee at Large, many members of which were not present at the Meionian Gathering. And as soon as the news spread, the self-deniers fell sadly off. They refused to serve with a perfect rush, so that they have scarce a man of any name in the party remaining in their faction. The Free Soilers promise an active compaign. If they make Slavery their war-horse, I believe they will succeed. If they don't, I don't care whether they do or not. But there will, most likely, be some sport for us lookers-on.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Another edition (says the Boston *Commonwealth*) of Mr. Summer's speech in the Senate against the fugitive slave bill has been published at Newcastle in England. Two different editions have already appeared in London, and one in Edinburg.

——THE MISSION TO FRANCE.—The Richmond *Enquirer* professes to have certain information that the mission to France has been tendered to John Y. Mason. If this be true (says the *Evening Post*), Washington will be relieved from one of the most inveterate borers and pertinacious lobby agents that have ever infested the Capitol.

——THE YELLOW FEVER IN VICKSBURG.—The Vicksburg *Whig* of the 29th inst, shows that the scourge now so happily leaving us, had abated nothing of its virulance and fatality in Vicksburg. The sexton's report for the three days from the noon of the 16th to noon of the 19th, shows a total of 42 deaths, of which only five are attributed to other causes than yellow fever.

——The Frankfort and Lexington Railroad Company, and also the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad Company, have proffered to the Kentucky Colonization Society a free passage on their respective roads for all emigrants bound to Liberia. The owners of the steamboat *Blue Wing* have made the same generous offer.—*Louisville Journal*.

——Rev. EDWARD BEECHER, D. D., son of Rev Lyman Beecher, will soon issue a treatise on Theology which is expected to command very general attention. It is entitled "The Conflict of ages, or The Great Debate on the Moral Relation of God and Man." It maintains the pre-existence of Man ere he became a denizen of this cloudy planet. So says the *Tribune*.

——HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Six volumes have been already published in two series of three volumns each. The first series embraces the colonial and revolutionary history down to the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution; the second series continues the story down to 1821, the era of the Missouri compromise and the final disintegration of the old Federal and democratic parties. The author is engaged on a third series, no part of which, however, is likely to appear for three or four years to come.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

——The National Exhibition of horses to be held at Springfield on the 19th of October, under the auspices of the United States Agricultural Society, will be the first of its kind. The premiums offered are very handsome in amount, among which, one of $200 for the best stallion of seven years and over; and one of $100 each for the best stallion from four to seven years; the best gelding of four years and over; the best span of matched horses of four years and over; and the best span of fancy horses of four years and over. Premiums of $50 each are offered for the best breeding mare foal, the best stallion of three years, the best pair of farm horses, and the best pair of ponies.

——CYLINDER TELEGRAPH.—A company is now being formed, with a capital of $500,000 for the purpose of constructing a line of telegraphs from Boston to New York, having a cylinder two feet in diameter, by means of which it is believed that packages may be transmitted from one city to the other in fifteen minutes. It has been objected by some, that the power required to exhaust the tube for so great a distance, would be so great that no reasonable number of pumps would be able to accomplish it. But this objection is answered by the fact, that it is not proposed by the plan of Mr. R. to exhaust the air through the whole length of the tube, at once; but as a portion of the air is exhausted and the plunger rushes through the tube, the air cut off behind it, and a new column of air commences to act upon it. The scheme is attracting favour.—*Boston Traveller, Sept. 27.*

——KNUD IVERSON.—Who is Knud Iverson? Hitherto he has been altogether unknown to fame, but his name will henceforth be enrolled among those whose memory we love to cherish.

On the 10th of August last, a company of boys in Chicago endeavoured to force Knud Iverson to go with them into the garden of Mr. Elston, of that city, to steal fruit. He persisted in his refusal to go with them. They threatened to duck him in the river unless he consented, but he remained firm. His tormenters then forced him into the water, and fiendishly drowned him, because he would not steal. There was the true hero, and the genuine spirit of a martyr. The *Democratic Press* of Chicago furnishes the following paragraph in relation to him:

"His father is one of our most worthy and estimable Norwegian citizens. He is a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, of which Rev. Paul Anderson is pastor. This little son, though but ten years of age, had given such clear evidences of piety, he was so intelligent and so consistent in every respect, that he had also been admitted as a member of the same Church. His seat in the Sabbath school was never vacant, and his lessons were always learned. Such was this noble boy."

It is proposed to erect a monument to his memory Mr. Nathan C Ely, of New York, has contributed $10 toward the object, and it will doubtless go up. Who will say that children are too young to learn and love and obey the truth? Honour to the name of Knud Iverson! He was willing to die rather than sin against God.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

—— Our friend Sonne (says the *Evening Post*) has sent us the following, which he wishes to have added to the state and county platform. We give it in the writer's own language:

AD TO THE STATE AND COUNTY PLATFORM.

The distribution of our people public funds & the distribution of our Legislatul doings particurrarly respecting charters priveleges & cantracts shall meet a proportionall Cheering to meet equalisation of the benefit for the elevation of Generall & nationall knowledgment and parsanall benefids in Morall politicall point on democratic republican american home principle proportionall to the contribution paid by our mass of our people in to the public funds and their generall justful behavior

to carry out the Naturall Law tested by the declaration of our independends

the naturall end of our life the civil Liverty & the desir to do better

the respect of indedendent opinions & expression of the same by the free press or in person.

Oct 1 '53 G. SONNE.

For the Evening Post

—— IS THE MAINE LAW CONSTITUTIONAL?—The reader will find the opinions of all the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States on the several points of this law, in the fifth volume of Howard's Reports of the decisions in United States Courts, page 504:

Chief Justice Taney said:

"If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice and debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from *prohibiting it altogether*, if it thinks proper.

"Every State, therefore, may regulate its own internal traffic according to its own judgment, and upon its own views of the interest and well-being of its citizens."—(5 Howard, 578).

Mr. Justice McLean said:

"If the foreign article be injurious to the health or morals of the community, a State may, in the exercise of that great and comprehensive police power which lies at the foundation of its prosperity, *prohibit the sale of it.*"—(5 Howard, 592.)

And in regard to the destruction of property, he said:

"The acknowledged police power of a State extends often to the destruction of property. A nuisance may be abated. Every thing prejudicial to the health or morals of a city may be removed. Merchandise from a port where a contagious disease prevails, being liable to communicate disease, may be excluded; and in extreme cases it may be thrown into the sea."

Mr. Justice Catron said:

"I admit, as inevitable, that if the State has the power of restraint by licenses to any extent, it has the discretionary power to judge of its limit, and may go the length of prohibiting it altogether, if such be its policy."—*Maine Law Advocate.*

OBITUARY.

DEPARTED this life, at the residence of his son, in the city of Brooklyn, on the 26th ult., STEPHEN TOWNSEND, at the advanced age of 77 years and 26 days. His remains were interred in the Albany Rural Cemetery, after the performance of funeral service, on the 27th, at the Friends' Meeting House in the City of Albany.

In the life of the subject of this notice was exemplified, in an eminent degree, the power of the Christian virtues, among which were conspicuous fortitude and patience under sufferings and disappointments. During the thirty years preceding his dissolution, he was constantly subject to varied sufferings consequent upon diseases that had made their inroads upon a constitution naturally firm and vigorous. Twice in early life he had been brought near the grave by attacks of the yellow fever. His mind was no less vigorous than his body, and the frustration of his most cherished plans of usefulness by disease were well calculated to embitter the feelings and blunt the sensibilities. But in his case the recurrence of disease and suffering seemed to augment the natural susceptibility of his mind to whatever was generous and just; and, though his life for many, many years promised but little that desirable in this rudimental state, yet he was favoured to endure all the dispensations of suffering which were his lot without murmuring and with a degree of cheerfulness and reliant trustfulness in the goodness of Divine Providence which showed clearly to those who knew him best that his dependence was not fixed upon an arm of flesh. On the occasion of the death of a beloved daughter, in 1843, he said in the hearing of the writer of this, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Let us be willing to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." But the severest affliction he was called to suffer was the severance from his side of the companion of his early and later years, his beloved wife, in the year 1849, after a happy union of upwards of forty years, and at a time when increasing infirmities and increasing years lessened the charms of life and rendered the sympathies of that dear companionship more precious. Yet, under this sore bereavement, he was enabled to bear up by the sustaining power of a faith that the separation was but temporary, and he would meet again, in more close and loving companionship, her who had gone before him to the Land of Spirits. From the time of the death of his companion, his health continued to fail, and during the last nine month's of his life he was confined to the house, and for four months to his bed. During this long confinement, his reason remained unclouded and he was favoured to bear, with almost unexampled patience and fortitude, the severe ordeal through which he was passing; his greatest desire being that he might pass speedily but patiently, through the dark valley that separated him from the better land to which he was hastening. The third morning previous to his decease, he said, "Another morning has come, and I am here yet. O! such a night of suffering I never endured before." The day before his death, he said to his sister, who had asked him if he thought his change would be a happy one, "O, yes, yes." Owing to the nature of his complaint, the last several days of his life he could not converse—speaking, when he did speak, only in a whisper, and only to indicate his wants.

The deceased was a native of this State, and, in early life, connected himself with the Society of Friends; and upon the occurrence of the separation of the Orthodox from the branch known as Hicksite Friends, he continued with the latter, and remained in membership until his death. He was not, however, a sectarian. He believed that all "who feared God and worked righteousness would be accepted of Him," and that the most acceptable worship of God consisted in doing good. Hence he took a deep interest in all movements of his fellow-men, always entering into the investigation of all subjects with a desire to arrive at truth, and with a disposition to rejoice in every opportunity of uniting with others, of however diverse beliefs, in the application of given truths when discovered. The Temperance and Anti-Slavery causes were particularly dear to his heart, and he laboured much in his capacity of a private citizen, to promote them. The subject of Social Reform occupied much of his thoughts; believing as he did that a better destiny on earth awaits the race, he was ever ready to examine the various schemes for amelioration and advancement as they were presented to his mind. He came also to regard as certain the near approach of the time when mankind would be favoured universally with a larger spiritual development, by and through which society is to be harmonized and elevated into the condition which Jesus prayed for when he put up the prophetic prayer of "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven." He was an enterprising citizen, a kind neighbour, a good husband, and an ever indulgent parent, in word and deed; setting a good example and desiring to discharge faithfully his duties in all the relations of life.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

From September 1st to October 1st.

728	Mrs. Sarah D. Harris, Fall River, Mass.	2 00
743	Samuel Scantlebury E. Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
704	Henry V. B. Treadwell, New York City	0 50
729	Wm. H Channing, Rochester, N. Y.	4 00
716	Mary Springstead, Cazenovia,	1 00
714	T. Powell, Ghent, N. Y.	1 00
732	Enoch Hebard, Jr., Randolph, Vt.	4 00
706	Rev. Geo. Jeffrey, Glasgow, Scotland,	0 50
622	Lydia Ann Wilbur, Swansey Village, Mass.	2 00
719	Rev. Jos P. Fessenden, Jr, Bridgston, Me.	1 00
719	James Hodgson, Norway, Me.	1 00
729	James Stayton, Jr., South Woodstock, Vt.	2 00
726	Mrs. Allen, New York City,	2 00

Miscellaneous Department.

A DEAD SECRET.

In what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he *was* hanged, and that this is his story.

* * * * *

"And how came you," I asked, "to be—" I did not like to say hanged for fear of wounding his delicacy, but I hinted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged?" he echoed in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it—wouldn't you?"

He was sitting opposite to me at the end of the walnut-tree table in his shirt and trousers, his bare feet on the bare polished oak floor. There was a dark bistre ring round each of his eyes; and they—being spherical rather than oval, with the pupils fixed and coldly shining in the centre of the orbits—were more like those of some wild animal than of a man. The hue of his forehead, too, was ghastly and dingy: blue, violet, and yellow, like a bruise that is five days old. There was a clammy sweat on his beard and under the lobes of his ears; and the sea-breeze coming gently through the open Venetians (for the night was very sultry), fanned his long locks of coarse dark hair until you might almost fancy you saw the serpents of the Furies writhing in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inwards, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with *delirium tremens*.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes towards me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You may rasp me with rusty files, and seethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder—but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know—I never knew? How am I to make you believe that I don't know—that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked, "you do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know anything about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I cannot see the smallest connection between a child and your being hanged."

"No connection?" retorted my companion with vehemence. "It *is* the connection—the cause. But for that child I should never have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed towards him a bottle of thin claret. (Being liable to be called up at all hours of the night, I find it lighter drinking than any other wine.) He filled a large tumbler—which he emptied into himself, rather than drank—and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of water on an oil-cloth. Then he began:

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfeit that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesmen, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succoured me in my orphanage. They were both uncles; one by my father's, one by my mother's side. The former was a retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a widower, with one daughter, and not very well-to-do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was bandied about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who discovered that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavoured—with that cunning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child—to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus's short-lived favour was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that appearing to protect me would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old, it occurred to me that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, between these two knotty crabbed stools I might fall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle—the retired sailor, Collerer; and, although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he met me in the street I gave him the breadth of the pavement, and recked nothing for his shaking his fist at me, and calling me an ungrateful hound. My Uncle Collerer, although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and, although he was miserably parsimonious in his housekeeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park outside her father's door while he was asleep in church on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks and dull speech to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to boys and girls; and, although we knew the two fierce hatreds that stood betwixt us and happiness, we left the accomplishment of our wishes to time and fortune, and went on hoping and loving.

One evening, at supper-time—for which meal we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a loaf of seconds bread, and a pint of small beer—I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked more malignant and sullen than usual. He spoke little, and bit his food as if he had a spite against it. When supper was over, he went to an old worm-eaten bureau in which he was wont to keep documents of value; and, taking out a bundle of papers, untied and began to read them. I took little heed of that; for his favourite course of evening reading was bonds and mortgage deeds; and on every eve of bills of exchange falling due he would spend hours in poring over the acceptances and endorsements, and even in bed he would lie awake half the night moaning and crooning lest the bills should not be paid on the morrow. After carefully reading and sorting these papers, he tossed them over to me, and left the room without a word. Then I heard him going up stairs to the top of the house, where my room was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands and a beating heart. I found every single letter I had written to Mary Morbus. The room seemed to turn round. The white sheet I held and the black letters dancing on it were all I could see. All beyond—the room, the house, the world—was one black unutterable gulf of darkness. I tried to read a line—a line I had known by heart for months; but, to my scared senses, it might as well have been Chaldee. Then my uncle's heavy step was heard on the stairs.

He entered the room, dragging after him a small black portmanteau in which I kept all that I was able to call my own. "I happen to have a key that opens this," he said, "and have read every one of the fine love-letters that silly girl has sent you. But I have been much more edified by the perusal of yours, which I only received from your good uncle Morbus—strangle him!—last night. I'm a covetous hunks, am I? You live in hopes, do you? Hope told a flattering tale, my young friend. I've only two words to say to you," continued my uncle, after a few minutes' composed silence on his part, and of blank consternation on mine. "All your rags are in that trunk. Either give up Mary Morbus—now and for ever, and write a letter to her here in my presence to that effect—or turn out into the street, and never show your face here again. Make up your mind quickly, and for good." He then filled his pipe and lighted it.

While he sat composedly smoking his pipe, I was employed in making up my wretched mind. Love, fear, interest, avarice—cursed avarice—alternately gained ascendency within me. At length there came a craven inspiration that I might temporise; that by pretending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly assuring her of my constancy, I might play a double game, and yet live in hopes of succeeding to my uncle's wealth. To my shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen, "I will dictate."

I took the pen; and, following his dictation, wrote, I scarcely can tell what now; but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We needn't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because—he, he, he!—we can deliver it on the spot." We were in the front parlour, which was separated from the back room by a pair of folding-doors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and, with a mock bow, ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the old wretch; "a letter from your *true love*. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard me. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long—can't last long—eh, nephew?" This was a quotation from one of my own letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But, when I besought her to look at me and passionately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it contemptuously from her.

"*You* marry my daughter," my Uncle Morbus piped forth—"you? Your father couldn't pay two-and-twopence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts? You marry my daughter! Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law?" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up within me.

"Get out of my house, you and your niece, too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, go!"

I could hear the two old men fiercely, yet feebly, quarrelling in the passage, and Mary weeping pitcously without saying a word. Then the great street door was banged to, and my uncle came in, muttering and panting. "I hope you are satisfied now, uncle," I said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek, catching up the great earthen jar, with the leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied!—I'll satisfy you: go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again!"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle?" I faltered.

"March, bag and baggage. If you are here a minute longer, I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go?" I asked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringe to your dear Uncle Morbus. Go and rot!"

So saying, he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and, next morning, I took a lodging at, I think, four shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane, Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret; and, when I opened the window, I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys and penny loaves. I went to my wretched bed by daylight, and groaned for darkness to come; then groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighbourhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks, whose jargon I could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away; and, in ten days, my mind was ripe for suicide. You must serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that, when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat, you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call temporary insanity. I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing laudanum at different chemists' shops—a pennyworth at each; which, I said, I wanted for the toothache; for I knew they would not supply a large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen phials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my wash-hand stand. I locked the door, sat down on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to pray; but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening in the summer time, and the room was in that state of semi-obscurity you call "between the lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau, I heard through my garret window, which was wide open, a loud noise; a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot. I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago, and then another. As I looked out of the window, I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood—like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in; his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger; and went reeling about the room, catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went—I following him in an agony—until he fell face-foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched and mangled, and drenched, that no one trait was to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long black hair was burnt off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house seemed to have heard the pistol shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window; but the dingey mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

I began to think I might be accused of the murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more minutely. The dead man was almost exactly of my height and stoutness. Of his age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocket-book, containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, there was a roll of English bank-notes to a very considerable amount. In his waistcoat pocket was a gold watch; and in a silken girdle round his waist were two hundred English sovereigns and louis d'ors.

What fiend stood at my elbow while I made this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my mind. It seemed to start up matured, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was resolved. The dead should be alive, and the live man dead. In less time than it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down stairs. No man met me on the stairs, and I emerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only an hour after perhaps, as I crossed Holborn towards St. Andrew's Church that I saw fire-engines come rattling along; and, asking unconcernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an indistinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:

"Awful Suicide and Fire near Gray's Inn Lane.—Last night the inhabitants of Cragg's Court, Hustle Street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by volumes of smoke issuing from the windows of number five in that court, occupied as a lodging house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a garret on the third floor, it was found that its tenant, Mr. ——, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause, the fire had communicated to the bed-clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture, were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last successfully extinguished; little beyond the room occupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable suicide were frightfully mutilated; but sufficient evidence was afforded from his clothes and papers to establish his identity. No cause is assigned for the rash act; and it is even stated that if he had prolonged his existence a few hours later he would have come into possession of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, his uncle Gripple Collerer, Esq., of Raglan Street, Clerkenwell, having died only two days before, and having constituted him his sole heir and legatee. That active and intelligent parish officer, Mr. Pybus, immediately forwarded the necessary intimation to the Coroner, and the inquest will be held this evening at the Kiddy's Arms, Hustle Street."

I had lost all—name, existence, thirty thousand pounds, everything—for about four hundred pounds in gold and notes.

"So I suppose," I said, as he who was hanged paused, "that you gave yourself up with a view of re-establishing your identity; and, failing to do that, you were hanged for murder or arson?"

I waited for a reply. He had lit another cigar, and sat smoking it. Seeing that he was calm, I judged it best not to excite or aggravate him by further questioning, but stayed his pleasure. I had not to wait long.

"Not so," he resumed; "what I became that night I have remained ever since, and am now: that is, if I am anything at all. The very day on which that paragraph appeared, I set off by the coach. My only wish was to get as far from London and from England as I possibly could; and, in due time we came to Hull. Hearing that Hamburg was the nearest foreign port, to Hamburg I went. I lived there for six months in an hotel, frugally and in solitude, and endeavouring to learn German; for, on narrower examination of the papers in the pocket-book, I guessed some portions of them to be written in that language. I was a dull scholar; but, at the end of six months, I had scraped together enough German to know that the dead man's name was Muller; that he had been in Russia, in France, and in America. I managed to translate portions of a diary he had kept while in this latter country; but they only related to his impressions of the towns he had visited. He often alluded too, casually, to his 'secret' and his 'charge;' but what that secret and that charge were, I could not discover. There were also hints about a 'shepherdess,' an 'antelope,' and a 'blue tiger'—fictitious names I presumed for some persons with whom he was connected. The great mass of the documents was in a cypher utterly inexplicable to my most strenuous ingenuity and research. I went by the name of Muller; but I found that there were hundreds more Mullers in Hamburg, and no man sought me out.

I was in the habit of going every evening to a large beerhouse outside the town, to smoke my pipe. There generally sat at the same table with me a little fat man in a grey great-coat, who smoked and drank beer incessantly. I was suspicious and shy of strangers; but, between this little man and me there gradually grew up a quiet kind of tavern acquaintance.

One evening, when we had had a rather liberal potation of pipes and beer, he asked me if I had ever tasted the famous Baërischer or Bavarian beer, adding, that it threw all other German beers into the shade, and liberally offering to pay for a flask of it. I was in rather merry humour, and assented. We had one bottle of Bavarian beer; then another, and another, till, what with the beer and the pipes and the wrangling of the domino players, my head swam.

"I tell you what," said my companion, "we will just have one chopine of brandy. I always take it after Baërischer beer. We will not have it here, but at the *Grune Gans* hard by, which is an honest house, kept by Max Rombach, who is a widow's son."

I was in that state when a man having already had too much is sure to want more, and I followed the man in the grey coat. How many chopines of brandy I had at the *Grune Gans* I know not; but I found myself in bed next morning with an intolerable thirst and a racking headache. My first action was to spring out of bed, and search in the pocket of my coat for my pocket book. It was gone. The waiters and the landlord were summoned; but no one knew anything about it. I had been brought home in a carriage, very inebriated, by a stout man in a grey great-coat, who said he was my friend, helped me upstairs, and assisted me to undress. The investigation ended with a conviction that the man in the grey coat was the thief. He had manifestly been tempted to the robbery by no pecuniary motive; for the whole of my remaining stock of bank-notes, which I always kept in the pocket-book, I found in my waistcoat pocket neatly rolled up.

That evening I walked down to the beer-house where I usually met my friend—not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and, to my stern salutation, replied with a good humored hope that my head was not any the worse for the *brauntwein* overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house, with an alacrity that was quite surprising.

"I was drunk last night," I commenced.

"So," he replied with an unmoved countenance.

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was robbed of my pocket-book."

"So," he repeated, with equal composure.

"And I venture to assert that you are the person who stole it."

"So. You are quite right, my son'" he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book: I have it here. See."

He tapped the breast of his grey great-coat; and, I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands muffled with soft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in self-defence, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time: to change horses, I suppose. At the commencement of the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage myself, and to cry out. But I was so well gagged, and bound, and muffled, that in sheer weariness and despair, I desisted. We halted at last for good. I was lifted out, and again carried swiftly along for upwards of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house, and was perhaps being borne along some underground passage. We ascended and descended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. I was in total darkness—darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But, after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavouring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish anything. But I crawled to the door; and then, standing up, found I was in a small court-yard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the grey coat.

In a grey coat no longer, however. He was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that, under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely motioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to take hold of me under the arms, waddled on before.

We went in and out of halt-a-dozen doors, and traversed as many small courtyards. The buildings surrounding them were all in a handsome style of architecture; and in one of them I could discern, through the open grated windows on the ground floor, several men in white caps and jackets. A distant row of copper stewpans, and a delicious odour, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighbourhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure malignity towards me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that what with hunger and rage I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture gallery, entered an apartment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fire-place; and with her back towards it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin grey hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-coloured ribbon at his buttonhole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still holding my arms.

"Monsieur Muller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English. "How do you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. I demanded to know why I had been trepanned, robbed and starved.

"Monsieur Muller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness. "You must excuse the apparently discourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is, our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilise for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter.

"In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent: for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejacalated, "and, before heaven, no secret that can concern you is in my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Muller," pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all.

"Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the grey coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half loosened their hold; my heart leapt within me, and I was about to rush towards the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Muller," he said, "before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question, Where is the child?"

"*Ja*, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied, passionately; "on my honour I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Muller has no appetite. Unless," he added, turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I cannot," I repeated; "I don't know, I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Muller, good morning."

In spite of my cries and struggles I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us), when a panel in the wainscoat opened, and a lady in black—perhaps thirty years of age and beautiful—bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness."

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber simply, but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread, and a pitcher of water. Both of these I consumed ravenously.

I was left without further food for another entire day and night. From my window, which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat drove me almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the infernal drama was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again, on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.

"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will confess. I will tell all."

"Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child?"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random.

"Amsterdam—nonsense!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger?"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastically, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the whereabouts of the child is *there*," and he pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; *there*," echoed the man in the green shade. And he struck it.

"But, sir—" I urged.

The answer was simply, "Good morning, Monsieur Muller."

Again was I conducted back to my prison; again I met the lady in black, who administered to me the barren consolation that "Heaven would reward my devotedness." Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher of water, and again I was left a day and a night in semi-starvation, to be again brought forth, tantalized, questioned, and sent back again.

"Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that Monsieur Muller requires. See." As he spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with bags of money, and bade me help myself.

In vain I protested that all the gold in the world could not extort from me a secret which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed that my name was not Muller; in vain I disclosed the ghastly deceit I had practised. The man in black only shook his head, smiled incredulously, and told me—while complimenting me for my powers of invention—that my statement confirmed his conviction that I knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my prison with my meal of bread and water, the lady in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a mad-house could accomplish my deliverance, or better my prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a rapid pace. We travelled all night; and, in the early morning, arrived at a large stone building. Here I was stripped, examined, placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse grey cloth. I asked where I was? I was told in the Alienation Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeiziger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr-ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me politely and asked me what he could do for me? I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs; that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled and simply called—"Where is Kraus?"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.

"What number is Monsieur?"

"Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsted blisters behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice."

The abominable inflictions thus ordered were all applied. The villain Kraus tortured me in every imaginable way; and in the midst of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me where the child is, Muller, and you shall have your liberty in half-an-hour."

I was in the mad-house for six months. If I complained to the doctor of Kraus's ill-treatment and temptations, he immediately began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. The bruises I had to show were ascribed to injuries I had myself inflicted in fits of frenzy. The maniacs with whom I was caged declared, like all other maniacs, that I was outrageously mad.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed, Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you know who, with ten thousand Prussian thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with twenty thousand Austrian florins (which is really a sum worth having) to set you free. I shall lose my place, and have to fly; but I will open an hotel at Frankfort for the Englanders, and make my fortune. Come!" He led me down stairs, let me out of a private door in the garden; and, placing a bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, bade me good night.

I dressed myself, threw away the madman's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready-provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly *en regle*, and I passed unquestioned. I went that morning to the coach-office of the town, and engaged a place in the *Eilwagen* to some German town, the name of which I forget; and at the end of four days' weary travelling, I reached Brussels.

I was very thin and weak with confinement and privation; but I soon recovered my health and strength. I must say that I made up by good living for my former compulsory absence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the *carte*, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus:

"Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immediately afterwards make your way for England. Be sure, in passing through London, to call on Hildeburger."

I had ordered a *sole au gratin*; but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the rest of my dinner, I summoned the garcon, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter, if you please, Monsieur," said he.

The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphynx I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the grey coat.

"Muller," he said, coolly, bending over the table, "Your sole was poisoned. Tell me where the child is, and here is an antidote, and four hundred thousand francs."

For reply I seized the heavy water decanter, and dashed it with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of *a la Garde! a'la Garde!* I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages of outlets which abound in the Palais Royal. Whether the man died or not, or whether I was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in London; but I did not call on "Hildeburger" because I did not know who or where Hilderburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining in England, not only on account of my persecutors, but because I was pursued everywhere by the spectre of the real Muller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer which was to sail from the docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Muller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall thin young man with a downy moustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Muller," he said, nodding to me easily.

"My name is not Muller," I answered boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and stammered, "N—n—no!"

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts?" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. The screw and the water were tried in vain; but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pullies, we succeeded."

I shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed quickly and sharply. "He is here—close by."

"Not now, not now." I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon? Good! Do not forget. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Muller."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned and disappeared among the crowd of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday, as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. I entered a shipping-office, and learnt that a good steamer would leave George's Dock at ten that same night, for Glasgow. And to Glasgow for the present I made up my mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer—this way," cried a man in a Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honour. I'll carry your trunk!"

He took up my trunk as he spoke, and led the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a lighted lantern.

"Is this the Glasgow steamer?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring."

"Remember poor Jack, your honour," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of luggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

"How long will the run to Glasgow make, think you, my man?" I asked of the man at the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unintelligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Muller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy moustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship Pyroscaphe, bound to St. Petersburgh, M. Muller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for Glasgow, and that I desired to be sent on shore directly.

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ancles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be killed myself and to be thrown into the sea. But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appaling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water. At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you, or I know of Russia is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cell, and in that cell a knout, with the one horrible question dinning in my ears, "Where is the child?"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures it is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous yellow